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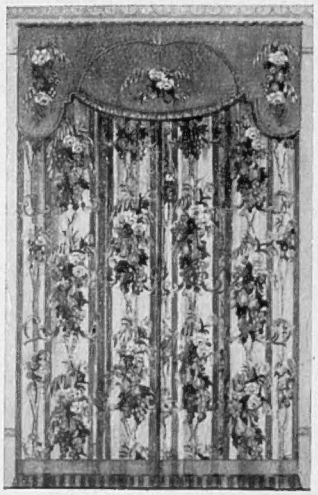

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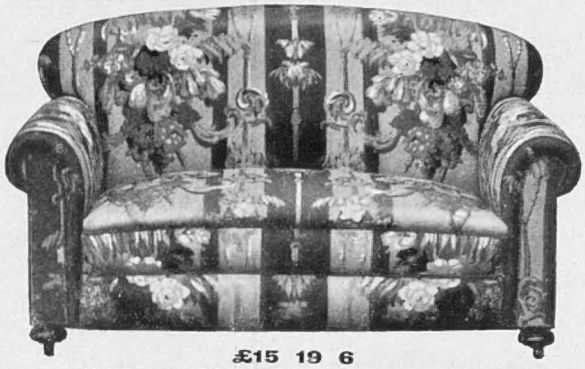

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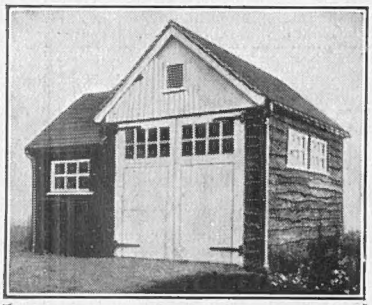

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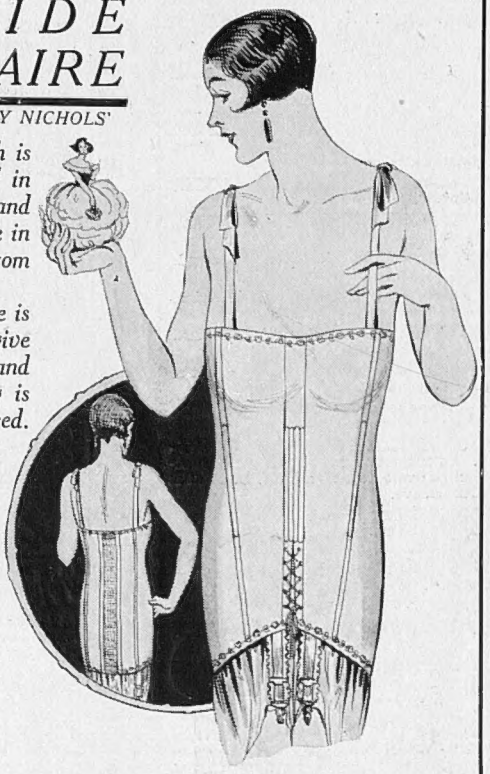

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Special Pages relating to

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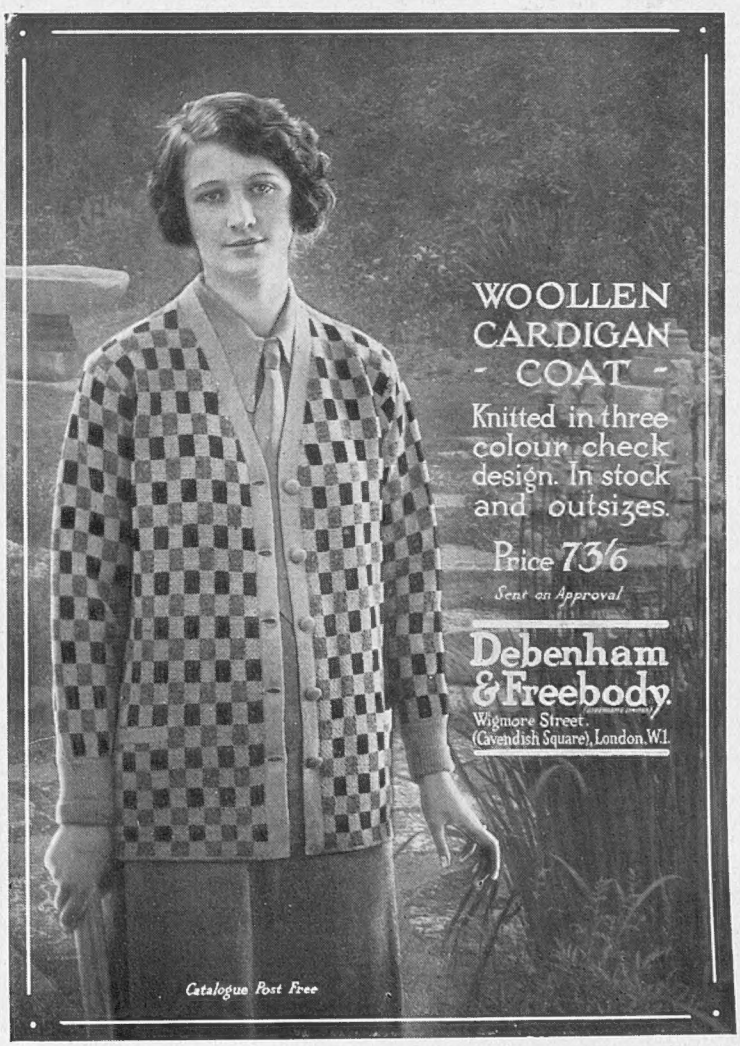

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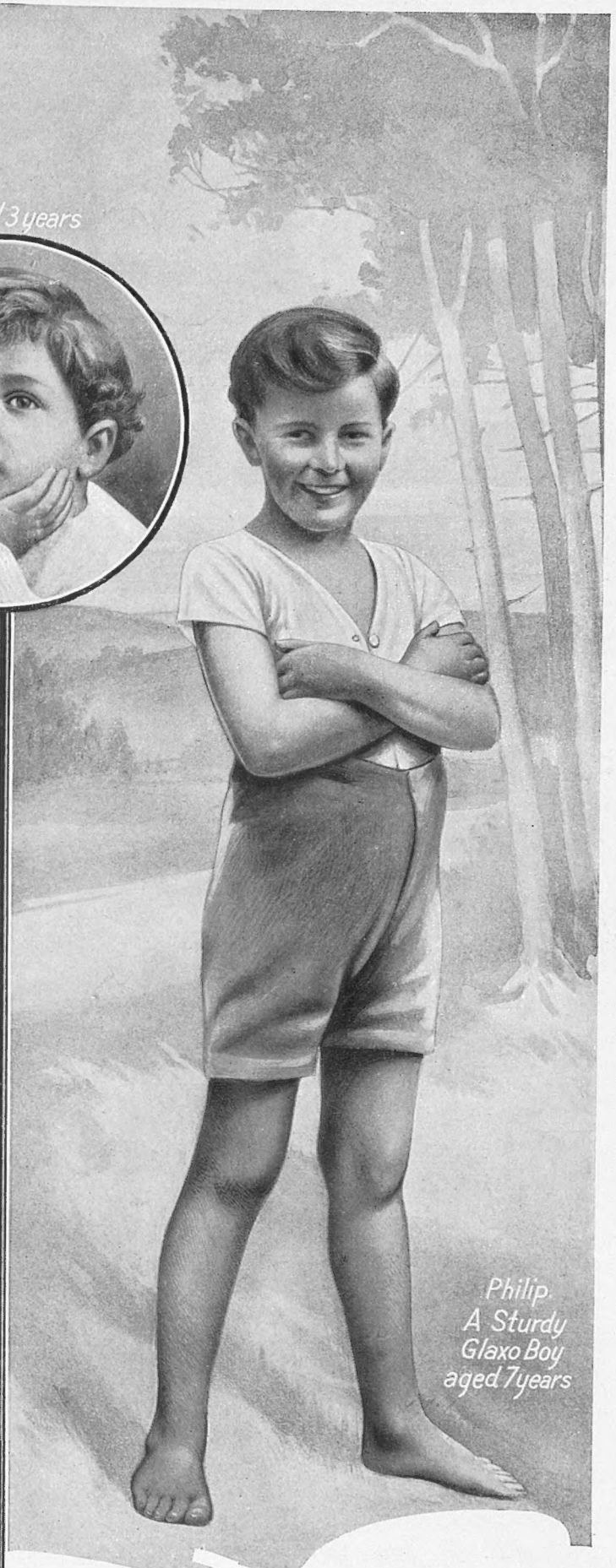
Aged 3 years



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No. 1159. Vol. LXXXIX

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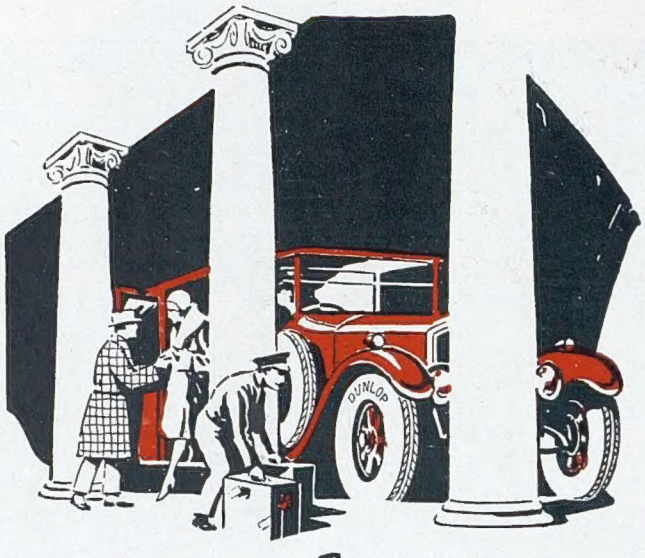

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

'ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE'

Post-War Hobbies

IN this hectic post-war period, one has little time for hobbies. Life has become *so* real and *so* earnest that we have scarcely time to catch the morning train that whisks us away from " The Cedars " to the City.

'SCARCELY TIME TO CATCH THE MORNING TRAIN'

I Go to Oxford

YET there is one of my pre-war hobbies to which I still cling. Once in every three months or so, I snatch an afternoon from the hurly-burly and run down to Oxford to drink deeply at the Fountain of Youth. I don't do anything very desperate. I just wander up one side of the High, take a cup of tea at the latest *café*, and so back to the station; the entire operation taking less than a couple of hours.

'THE GROWING CURIOSITY TO OBSERVE THE OXFORD MAN IN EMBRYO'

Oxford and 'Oxton

MOST of my time is spent in a casual study of the shop windows. I like to see what the young men of Oxford are wearing. I am fascinated by the last word in plus-fours and pull-overs. Oxford fashions may be high-spirited, but they are founded on the bed-rock of good taste. It is only when Oxford is aped by 'Oxton that vulgarity creeps in. Those purple bags that tickled the comic papers looked, and still look, tremendously right when worn by their original wearers.

'WHEN OXFORD IS APED BY OXTON'

'IT WAS HIS CUSTOM TO RESERVE HIS REMARKS UNTIL THE CLOSE OF THE PROCEEDINGS'

Home-made Posters

ALSO, I like to read those informal little notices, exhibited in these same shop-windows, calling the faithful to Ping-Pong at the Oriel Restaurant or a Point-to-Point meeting at Chipping Norton. The home-made posters for the O.U.D.S. performance of *Henry IV* (part two) have an intimate touch that I find particularly pleasing, and seem to place one in personal contact with those budding enthusiasms from which spring the greater achievements of to-morrow and the day after.

'THE HOME-MADE POSTERS'

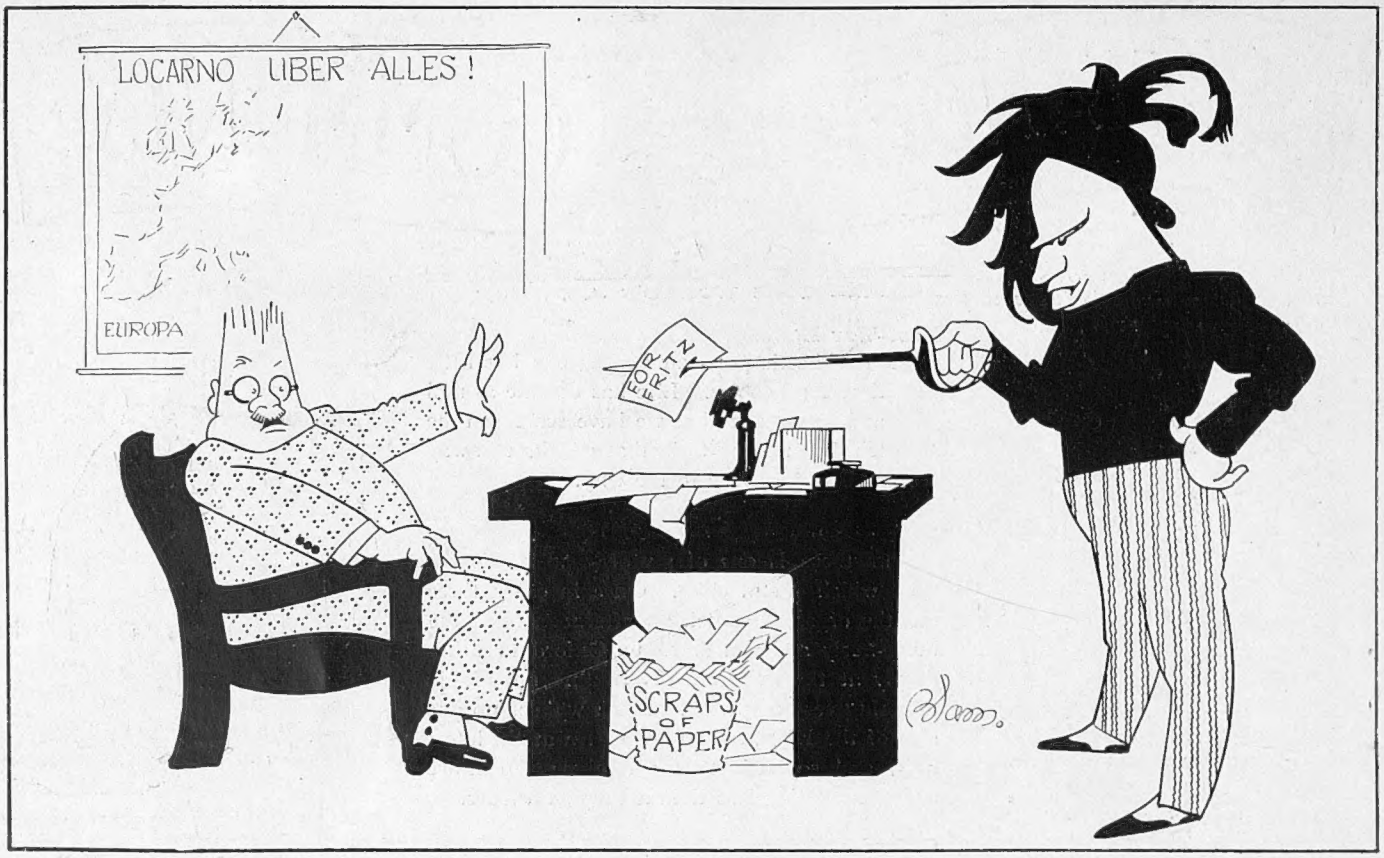
'MONEY IS A GREAT TEST OF PERSONALITY'

Jolly Papers

SEATED in the train for home, I read one or other of the jolly papers devoted to the doings of the University. This is a thrilling proceeding, for I never know whether to take the various news items in good faith, or whether I am having my leg pulled. In the current number of that excellent production, *The Cherwell*, I find myself in complete agreement with a protest against the growing curiosity to observe the Oxford man in embryo. " Publicity," says the writer, " when it cracks the egg-shell, may not only destroy the half-formed chicken inside, but also, by opening one egg too soon, cause the whole clutch to be despised."

'THIS IS A THRILLING PROCEEDING'

'SOME OTHER BODY'S GETTING IT'



BY BLAM

"A MESSAGE FROM MARS!"

Distorting Mirrors

THESE be wise words, and they carry a note of sincerity that is usually lacking in the quarter from which they spring. It is only fair to say that Oxford has consistently resented the interference of the prying pressman, and has so maintained a dignity that should be numbered among her most cherished traditions. The comic paper is a distorting mirror from which the City of Dreaming Spires has suffered sadly during the past few months. When you have an afternoon to spare, take a walk down the High and judge for yourselves.

A Disturbing Factor

MY morning paper tells me that T. McDonald Rendle is dead. The name does not convey a great deal to the rising generation, but Londoners will remember him as an after-dinner speaker who has provided them with more post-prandial pleasantries than almost any other of his kind. I am not sure that "pleasantry" quite conveys the thing I have in mind, for there was usually a dash of verbal vinegar in McDonald Rendle's contribution to a menu, and, on more than one occasion, he was found to be a somewhat disturbing factor at the feast. It was his custom to reserve his remarks until the close of the proceedings, when he would playfully bludgeon his predecessors with a gusto and good-humour that was not always appreciated.

Stars in the Night

THE art of after-dinner speaking is usually confined to a few brilliant exponents who shine like stars in the black night of utter boredom. George Grossmith is one of the best that we have, and, on the distaff side, Sybil Thorndike and Edith Evans get their effects by extraordinarily similar methods. With each of these great actresses, there is a studied helplessness, a show of unpremeditated art, that must be seen to be believed. "Poor girl!" says the ingenuous diner. "She has been taken entirely by surprise! She doesn't know *what* she is going to say! I *do* hope she won't break down!" And she doesn't!

Verbal Caricature

AT one period Mostyn Pigott was the wittiest after-dinner speaker in the West End, but he seems to have placed himself on the retired list for the time being. His style was rather reminiscent of the caricaturist who secures his effect without undue reference to the feelings of his sitter. Most speakers are content to say the obviously pleasant thing in the obviously pleasant way, and boredom is the almost inevitable result. Mostyn Pigott never bored anyone, and quite a lot of people wish he would re-visit the scenes of his former triumphs in order to give us a taste of his old quality.

Money Makes No Difference

SIR HARRY LAUDER, back in London after a long absence, has been letting himself go on the subject of money, and, incidentally, he has given the answer to those carping critics who have been pleased to appoint him the High Priest of Parsimony. "Money," he says, "has made no difference to me," and there you have the whole thing in a nut-shell. Money is a great test of personality. Some of us are so lacking in backbone that we float like corks upon the waves of fortune. We ebb and flow with the golden tide and are, too often, left on the rocks at the finish. But Harry Lauder still rides serenely at anchor—money has made no difference to him.

Practice and Precept

ON another point I find myself in agreement with this Scottish knight. He does not moralise on the extravagances of the day. He is content to practise and to leave the preaching to others. He admits that a lot of money has been wasted by the people who made it easily during the War, "but when they are spending it some other body's getting it." There is a lot of comfort in that, and I am grateful to Sir Harry for his common-sensical version of what some shallow thinkers consider a disturbing modern phenomenon.

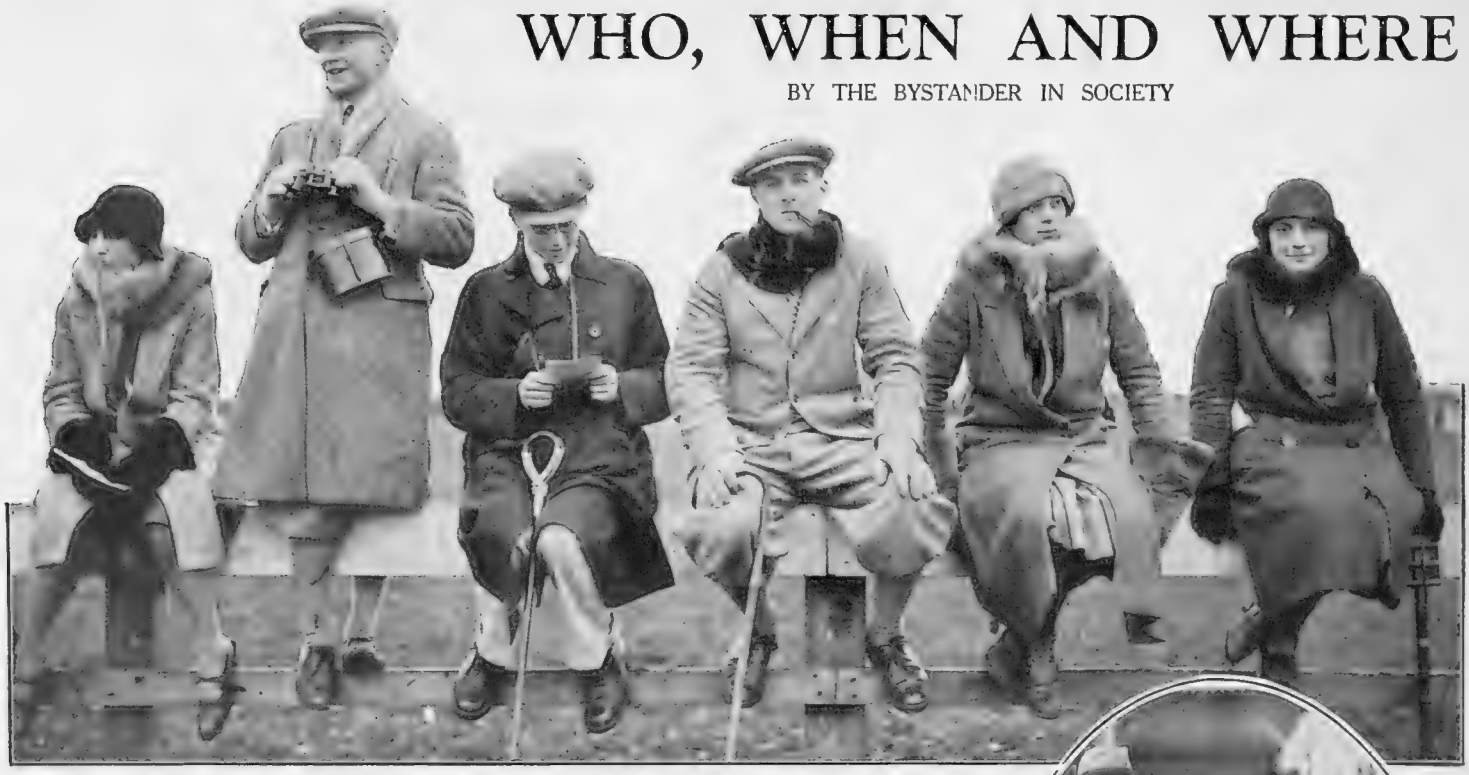
"I Hear You Calling Me!"

BY E. T. REED

LLOYD GEORGE: "Oh, look you! If that fellow Snowden looks at me once more like tha-at, I'll never mention a Welsh mountain again as long as I live!"

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY



Topical

MISS CHRISTINE BROWNE (left), MR. W. M. MITCHELL, MR. B. D. BAKER, MR. C. M. A. GAYER, MISS A. FIREBRACE AND MISS Y. STOPFORD

Marlborough House

PRINCESS VICTORIA has been very busy superintending the packing-up of her personal belongings at Marlborough House prior to their despatch to the house she has taken at Iver, in Buckinghamshire. Amongst these is a grand piano given her as a birthday present by King Edward and Queen Alexandra some thirty years ago.

When the Prince of Wales takes up his residence at Marlborough House his will be the fifth Royal occupation. The first Royal dweller there was Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, the widower of George IV's only child, the Princess Charlotte. He remained there until he was elected King of the Belgians, after having previously refused the throne of Greece.

The house remained vacant for seven years, when it became the residence of Queen Adelaide during the eleven years of her widowhood after the death of William IV. Then it was used for a museum—a circumstance which must have made its builder, the indomitable Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, turn in her grave. In giving Sir Christopher Wren the commission she directed him to design a house "worthy of the hero of Blenheim"—and for that house to become a museum!

Thus for fourteen years the ancient glories of Marlborough House seemed to have departed for ever. Then it was decided that its size and situation would make it an admirable residence for the Prince of Wales and Princess Alexandra of Denmark after their marriage. Of the sixty-three years Queen Alexandra lived in England she was mistress of Marlborough House for fifty-three of them—thirty-eight years after her marriage, and fifteen years after her widowhood. In the intervening ten years the King and Queen, as Prince and Princess of Wales, were its occupants; so, as at York House, the Prince will be returning to scenes of his childhood when he moves from St. James's Palace.

Dwellings for Courtiers

SIR GODFREY THOMAS, the Prince of Wales's private secretary, is the newest comer to St. James's Palace. The King has just granted him the house there occupied by Sir Malcolm Murray, the Duke of Connaught's Comptroller, which Sir Malcolm has recently given up.

Sir Malcolm Murray was luckier than most Court officials, as he had two residences granted him, the one in St. James's Palace, and the other Belvedere Fort, a big house in Windsor Forest, close to Virginia Water, and within easy reach of Bagshot, where the Duke of Connaught now spends most of the summer and autumn.

Arrangements, I understand, had been made for Sir Godfrey and Lady Thomas to have an apartment in Kensington Palace. Sir Malcolm Murray's giving up his St. James's Palace quarters, therefore, came at a happy moment, as it is infinitely more convenient in every way for the Prince's private secretary to be near to York

Alfieri

LADY NEWTON (left), MR. HARRINGTON, MISS WATT, MISS WILSON AND MISS NEWTON

I.B.

THE MARCHIONESS OF EXETER (right) WITH HER SON, LORD BURGHLEY, AND HER DAUGHTER, LADY WINIFRED CECIL

House, and to Marlborough House also, in the near future.

Pity the Hunting Folk

HUNTING folk in the shires are badly disgruntled. And no wonder. First foot-and-mouth disease, then frost and snow, now floods. The third is the worst, because with roads well under water and fields turned into lakes hunters can't be exercised—a tiresome fact which is very bad for their legs and their tempers. I've heard of some hunting stables in which horses and *personnel* have been practically marooned, and of others where the animals have had to be got out hastily and taken elsewhere.

Northamptonshire fared especially badly, and I hear that the drive from the bridge to Castle Ashby, Lord Northampton's place, near the county town, was more like a river than a drive. Melton Mowbray, which is the most important hunting centre in the country, was surrounded by floods because a river called the Wreake incontinently overflowed its banks with never a thought or a care for foxes, hunting folk, and horses.

And it isn't only the floods in Northamptonshire, Warwickshire, Huntingdonshire, and elsewhere that are worrying the hunting people. It's the going after the waters have subsided off the face of the earth. These thousands of submerged acres must be just squelching mud for at least a fortnight or three weeks—perhaps longer in the low-lying parts. So, what with one thing and the other, big holes will be taken out of this hunting season in all the shire country.

A Compliment to a County

YOUR naval folk have a keen sense of the tactful and appropriate. Its latest expression is the invitation to my lady Marchioness of Bristol to christen the new cruiser *Suffolk* when it is launched at Portsmouth. The invitation is a double-edged compliment. One side to Suffolk, in which county Lord Bristol is one of the biggest landowners; the other side to Lord Bristol himself, who is a retired Admiral.

Lord Bristol succeeded his uncle, the third Marquis, nineteen years ago, and eleven years before that had married Miss Alice Wythes, the daughter and heiress of the late Mr. George Wythes, one of the first Earl Brassey's partners, who made Copt Hall, near Epping, both within and without, one of the most beautiful places in England.

Lord and Lady Bristol occupy the family house in St. James's Square very seldom. They prefer a country life at the old Bristol place, Ickworth Park, near Bury St. Edmunds. It is a big house with a central dome on the roof, seen for miles around. This dome is even bigger than the one at Mereworth Castle, in Kent, formerly the possession of my Lords Falmouth, but now owned by Lord Oranmore and Browne, who was given a barony—that of Mereworth—of the United Kingdom in the New Year Honours. His first double title is in the peerage of Ireland. The third barony gives him the right to sit in the House of Lords.

Some Family History

A PREDECESSOR of Lord Bristol, the third earl—the marquisate only came in the reign of William IV—was likewise an Admiral. He became a figure in history because of his secret marriage whilst a junior officer with Elizabeth Chudleigh, lady-in-waiting to the Princess of Wales, who was George III's mother. The marriage was kept secret because they were both poor. The lady deliberately committed bigamy by marrying the immensely rich Duke of Kingston. Augustus Hervey, her first husband, unexpectedly succeeded to the Bristol earldom. Naturally, he desired to marry again and have an heir. The outcome of a great scandal was the

Central Press

THE HON. MRS. GUY WILSON, MRS. BACK-HOUSE AND MR. J. ST. M. RAMSDEN

Central Press

MR. R. C. SMITH-BINGHAM'S "RED STALK" (Owner up) LEADING MR. F. E. BOWLBY'S "CECIL" (Owner up) IN THE HUNTER'S CHALLENGE CUP

A 'VARSITY STEEPLECHASE MEETING

A camera selection from the field at the successful Cambridge University Steeplechase Meeting at Cottenham. Following a recent fashion, several riders were "sent down" during the meeting—but only by their mounts.

Farringdon Photo Co.

LORD CHARLES CAVENDISH (left), MR. D. NICHOLSON AND A FRIEND

arraignment of the Duchess of Kingston before the House of Lords on a charge of bigamy.

She was found guilty, and, according to the then existing law, ordered to be branded on the hand. This she escaped by pleading the "privilege of peerage," which exempted peers and their wives from corporal punishment. Although her marriage to the Duke of Kingston was declared illegal by the House of Lords, she continued to style herself Duchess of Kingston to the end of her life, and, notwithstanding the verdict of the House of Lords, her Earl of Bristol husband never divorced her.

It is singular how often the Bristol peerage has gone from brother to brother or from uncle to nephew. The present Lord Bristol has no son, only two daughters — Lady Marjorie Erskine, the wife of Lord Mar and Kellie's heir, Lord Erskine, and Lady Hylton. The heir, therefore, is Lord Walter Hervey, Lord Bristol's brother.

A "DOUBLE" FROM THE MENDIP HUNT BALL *British Illus.*

Some of the dancers at the recent Mendip Hunt Ball held at the Guildhall, Wells. The group on the left shows Capt. and Mrs. Douglas Wills, Mr. Frank Wallace, Miss Hardman, Capt. Mackintosh, Miss Assheton and Mr. H. W. Hoskyns. The right-hand group shows Mr. Harwood Cotter, Miss C. Troyte Bullock, M Cliff, Mr. Geoffery Selby Lowndes and Mr. Macpherson

Alfieri.

IN THE SADDLE

Lady Fiona Pratt, the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Camden, in the hunting field. The photograph was taken at a recent meet of the Eridge at Bells Yew Green

Seventy Times Seven

AMONGST many good stories in the late Colonel Hugh M. Sinclair's volume of reminiscences, *Camp and Society* (Chapman and Hall), this one has tickled your Bystander immensely. Writing of an uncle of his, Sir George Sinclair, the second baronet of the Ulster creation, Colonel Sinclair says he married a shrewish wife, Lady Camilla Tollemache, a daughter of the then Earl of Dysart. She led her husband an awful life, so bad indeed that he once wrote to a brother :—

"Out of Mary Magdalen were cast seven devils. Out of Camilla it would be necessary to cast seventy times seven."

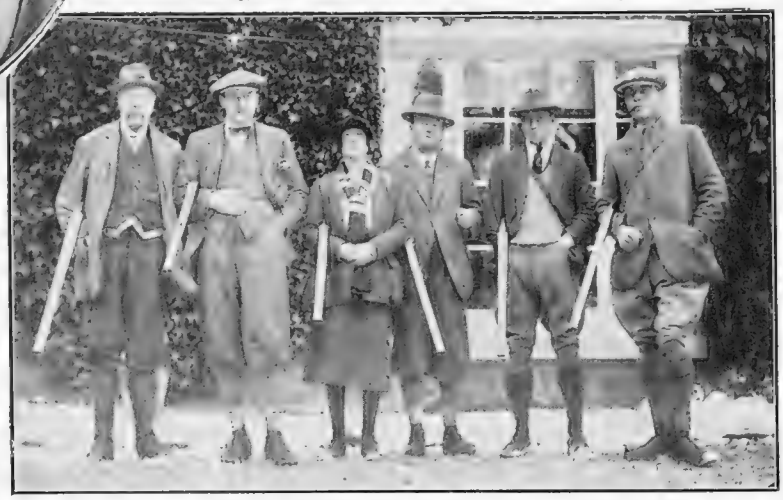
A Suggestion

SOME years ago I saw a *Book of Etiquette* specially written for Americans visiting England. The elaboration of details and the insistence on matters which are just like having your breakfast or your dinner to English folk, struck one as being amusing, but to Americans the book was invaluable—even if it did make several of my American acquaintances rather self-conscious in obviously trying "to do the correct thing."

Now, why doesn't some enterprising American write a similar social guide for English people going into American society? I suggest it because Americans are infinitely more sensitive to breaches—intentional or unintentional—of their social code than we are. Our attitude is a smiling, "Things are different here." Theirs is resentment and, sometimes, a conviction that what may have been a wholly unintentional breach of American etiquette is a lurid and painful example of "British arrogance."

I am moved to these words by a letter I have just received from a friend in New York, who has recently become engaged to an American. One day, shortly after the engagement was announced, she tells me, a charming woman, an old friend of her future husband's family, asked her what was her favourite colour. She said "Green."

A few days later she received an invitation from this lady, couched in the kindest terms, to a hen-luncheon in honour of the engagement. When she arrived she found nineteen other women there, and all dressed, including the hostess, in various shades of green. All the napery on the polished luncheon table was green; the glasses were green; the floral decorations in the drawing-room and dining-room were green orchids and sprays of



IN HEREFORDSHIRE

Members of a recent shoot at Gattertop, the residence of Mr. H. Rhodes, in North Herefordshire. The photograph shows Mr. J. K. Hyslop (left), Capt. Storrs, Mrs. A. M. Larking, Mr. H. Rhodes, Capt. B S. W. Taylor and Capt. G. W. Bright

green branches; it was green, green, all the way.

The lady in whose honour the luncheon was given went in a grey dress. All through the luncheon and afterwards in the drawing-room she felt there was constraint in the air, a certain stiffness utterly unlike the usual spirit of American hospitality. She spoke to her hostess of the charming effect of the all-green decorations, and to her confusion and distress discovered that the colour had been chosen in her honour, and that all the guests had been asked to come in green dresses, for the same reason.

She hadn't the vaguest idea that this is an American custom in honour of engaged women. A little book on American etiquette would have spared this girl a particularly mortifying moment, and her hostess a particularly vexatious one, through the failure of what must have been a very expensive luncheon.

Lafayette.

MISS ELIZABETH POLLOCK

The younger daughter of Sir Adrian and the Hon. Lady Pollock. Her engagement was recently announced to Mr. James Cecil Irving McConnell, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. I. McConnell, of Hoddom Castle, Ecclefechan

The Queen of Holland

IT is singular how little social interest is excited by the Dutch Court. This is chiefly, I think, because there are never any entertainments at the palace at The Hague, as there are in other foreign capitals, to which English people are invited. Queen Wilhelmina, who is now the only woman in the world ruling a kingdom, very seldom appears in public, and is so little interested in the drama or music that only on the rarest occasions is she seen in a playhouse or concert room.

On the other hand, she is an extremely conscientious and indefatigable working sovereign, and steered her little kingdom through days of extreme peril during the War. It is no secret now that she warned the ex-Kaiser she would have the dykes cut and flood the whole country if he violated Dutch neutrality. Herein she would have been following the example of one of her Nassau ancestors.

Queen Wilhelmina's father, William III of Holland, had lived a very gay and hectic life in Paris before he became King. He was sixty-three when she was born. She succeeded to the throne—and a vast fortune, for the Nassaus are the richest royal house in Europe—when she was ten, and for eight years afterwards was under the regency of her mother, the sister of the Duchess of Albany. Queen Wilhelmina has just celebrated her silver wedding, having married twenty-five years ago Duke Henry of Mecklenburg, who was given the title of Prince of Holland and the style of Royal Highness.

A Charity Concert

I AM asked to remind you that for the third year in succession the Stock Exchange Male Voice Choir is giving a concert at the Wigmore Hall on Tuesday evening, February 23, in aid of the Royal Medical Benevolent Fund Guild. The concert is under the patronage of the Duke and Duchess of York, the Hon. Patrick Bowes-Lyon, most of the big medical folk, and Mr. Archibald H. Campbell, the chairman of the London Stock Exchange.

Opera in England

I TOLD you a little while ago that a movement had been set on foot with the support of I forget how many Lords, Mayors, and practically everybody interested in music, to form a National Opera Trust, from the income of which opera could be subsidised in this country. The British National Opera Company, which has done such good work for opera since the War in London and the provinces, has appealed to the Trust for help. But, as Lord Clarendon, the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Trust, points out, the constitution of the Trust does not permit the handing over of any of its capital for individual cases of assistance: that assistance can only come from its income.

At the present moment no income has accrued for the money already subscribed to the Trust, so it cannot help the National Opera Company. The latter have asked the Trust to appeal to the public on their behalf for a sum of £25,000. *But,* here again, such an appeal is outside the Trust's constitution. The Trust therefore advised the National Opera Company to appeal to their own public. This appeal is now being made.

Lord Clarendon says that the Trust's own appeal "for a national fund of £500,000 from the income of which such cases as that of the British National Opera Company might have been met, was not launched until a few weeks ago, and so far the response has been disappointing."

Vaughan and Freeman.

MISS MARJORIE CLARKE-JERVOISE

Daughter of the late Sir Arthur Clarke-Jervoise, who recently made a brilliant début as a reciter. Miss Clarke-Jervoise is giving her second recital on February 24 at the Æolian Hall

MISS MARY ASKEW

The daughter of Mr. W. H. Askew, J.P., and Mrs. Askew, for whom her mother is giving a dance next week. Miss Askew is a débutante of last year

A PLACE IN THE SUN *G.P.U.*

The Duke of Connaught photographed at the Nice Tennis Tournament. The names are: M. Lenglen (left), Mlle. Lenglen, the Duke of Connaught, Lady Churston and Major Berkeley Levett

The Riviera Week by Week

KING CARNIVAL had no reason to complain of the warmth of his reception this year, for on the first Sunday of his reign the shade temperature reached 65° Fahrenheit, while the temperature in the sun was hot enough to make parasols really useful as well as ornamental, although in the very crowded streets there was not much room for them. Nice, of course, with its enormous native population and its exceptional facilities for this kind of jollification, is the true home of carnival, and the annual procession is quite the largest and liveliest affair of the kind in Europe. Tens of thousands of people in every imaginable description of fancy costume form themselves into a sort of gigantic League of Bright Young Things, and dance and sing along the streets day and night for a fortnight, until their legs and their voices can do no more. It is a sight which has to be seen to be believed, and this year is on a bigger scale than ever.

THE carnival at Cannes is naturally on much smaller lines, and does not go with the same swing. The British residential colony is not thrilled with the spectacle, and most people go to the races, where there was another record crowd on the second Sunday of the series. What it will be like next Sunday, when the most important events of the meeting take place, one can only conjecture, but more reserved stands and enclosures will evidently be needed for next year or half the visitors will not be able to see their favourite horse getting left behind.

LORD AND LADY GLANELY have arrived at the Metropole at Cannes, and Sir Mortimer and Lady Singer are among the increasing number who make the trip round by sea to Marseilles, which takes much longer than the Blue Train but is—or at least can be sometimes—a very pleasant voyage for those who like the sea. Sir August Cayzer and his daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan B. Gray and Lady Terrington, are among the latest arrivals at the Carlton, which is so full that the opening of the new Majestic Hotel, erected on the Promenade de la Croisette by the same company, was hailed with much relief. As an indication of the great demand for hotel accommodation in Cannes this season it is a fact that while more than a hundred workmen were still hard at work completing the magnificent suite of reception rooms in the Majestic and putting the finishing touches to the upper floors there were over fifty guests already in those apartments which were ready, and as soon as more rooms were ready they were at once inhabited by newcomers.

Sport and General

AT THE COURTS

A photograph of Miss Scott and Mr. C. H. Kingsley taken at the Carlton Tennis Tournament held at Cannes

ARMENONVILLE is quite the fashionable restaurant of the moment, and is one of the smartest restaurants on the whole coast. Large dinner parties are being given there nightly by well-known people. I saw Mrs. Frank Mackay, wife of one of America's richest "Oil Kings," presiding over a long table, among her guests being the Earl and Countess of Carnarvon, Lord Inverclyde, Lady Orr-Lewis, Lady Clifton, M. and Madame de Landa

Sport and General

THE MORNING STROLL

Lady Hillingdon on the Croisette at Cannes. With her is the Hon. George Lambton, the well-known racehorse trainer

y Escandon, Miss Lila Ponsonby, Miss Glyn, Mrs. Hector Sassoon, Mrs. Wendell, Captain Erskine, Captain Murphy, and Mr. Sydney Beer. At another large table near by Mrs. W. J. Locke had with her Sir A. C. Tyrrell Beck and Lady Beck, Baroness Schroeders, Miss Joan Martin White, Miss Sheila Locke, Mrs. Thorburn, Mr. Gervase Power, Madame da Silva, Mr. Carlton Gauld, and Mr. Locke, who seldom dines out just now, as he is at work on a new novel, and can only write at night.

MR. GEORGE CORNWALLIS WEST is on a visit to his sister, Princess Pless, who has a villa at La Napoule, adjoining the picturesque old castle of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clews, and Lady Colebrook is staying at the Château Garibondy, not far away, with her sister, Miss Amy Paget. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest de Winton Wills, whose wedding in Town attracted so much attention, and who are at present in Egypt, are expected shortly in Cannes, where the bride's uncle, Mr. Thomas Ogden, is spending the season at the Hôtel du Parc with Mrs. Ogden. Lady Muriel Paget will also be here soon after the wedding of her daughter, Miss Sylvia

(*Continued on page* 354.)

With Skate and Stane

HOT WORK ON THE ICE *Central News*

A tense moment in a mixed ice hockey "knock-up" at Lenk. The elusive "puck" can provide some of the hardest exercise to be found

"SOOPING HER UP" *Sport and General*

A general view of the curling rink at Wengen when play was in progress for the Hewitt Cup

LETTING THINGS SLIDE *Meurisse*

The animated scene on the great skating rink at Chamonix when the morning "session," as a disillusioned learner once described it, is in progress

Sport and General

THE FINALISTS

The finalists in the Ladies' Doubles at the Nice Lawn Tennis Tournament photographed before going into action. The group shows Miss Wright (left), Mrs. Haylock, Miss Helen Wills and Miss Eileen Bennett. Miss Wills and Miss Bennett won 6—3, 6—2

Paget, which is fixed for the 18th, and is not going to America until the autumn.

MENTON is having its carnival later than other towns on the coast, but there are plenty of other amusements for visitors, who are very numerous. The villa residents on Cap Martin include Sir Walter and Lady Becker, who lent their beautiful home, the Villa Delphine, for the fine entertainment by Mr. Herbert Collings in aid of the Waifs and Strays Society; Mr. Osborne O'Hagan, whose residence is Casa del Mare; Sir Pomeroy Burton, Sir Robert and Lady Wilmot, Colonel and Mrs. Reith, Lady E. Philip, the Rev. T. T. Lucius and Lady Morgan, and Colonel and Mrs. Stanton.

LADY CHAMBERLAIN was in Monte Carlo recently, coming from Rapallo, and left later for a cruise on board the "Meteor," with her children. Sir Charles Russell was entertaining in the Salle Empire the other night, his guests including Sir William and Lady Lambton, Sir Robert and Lady Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. George Lambton and Lady Ludlow. Sir Norcott Warren, governor of the Bank of India, is among the many well-known people seen just now in Monte Carlo. The Russian Tzigane choir, with Mr. Sacha Massalsky, is now appearing every night at The Knickerbocker, one of the brightest little cabarets on the whole of the coast.

DOUGLAS W. THORBURN.

SPORT ON THE RIVIERA

WE had a gorgeous day (February 7) for the first meeting on a lawn tennis court between Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen and Miss Helen Wills. It happened at Nice in the final of the mixed doubles, wherein Suzanne was partnered by the Italian champion, H. L. de Morpurgo, and Miss Wills by C. F. Aeschliman, ex-champion of Switzerland, and the husband of her compatriot, who, before her marriage, "ranked" high in America as Miss Leslie Bancroft. But the crowd, which rolled up in its hundreds from far and near, intrigued by the significance of the occasion, was not as thrilled as it expected to be. The result was an easy win for "Suzanne" and her partner, and a somewhat featureless one at that. The losers pinned their faith largely to the lobbing game, which might have paid them if they had been lobbing well. But they were not, and I was rather surprised to see Miss Wills persevering with a game which is hardly her *forte*. The *clou* of the match was the absolute artistry of Suzanne's finishing strokes, coupled with her unerring sense of the right position for the making of them. In this, which is more than half the battle, she was the best of the four.

THE concourse of polo players out here this year is an exceptionally strong one for the *Côte d'Azur*, and there is seldom an entry of less than three teams for the major competition. After a postponement for a week, owing to bad weather, the final for the Prix de la Société des Courses was won by the "Harlequins" (W. de Landa, J. G. R. Tomkin, J. Macaire, and W. van Ryck), who beat the "Tigers" (Comte J. de Madre, J. Pickersgill, Colonel Matthew Lannowe, and Baron de Bonstetten) by 10 goals to 5. In a preliminary match the "Harlequins" had only just got home against "Roehampton," represented by Baron R. de Schroeder, W. Woolland, Martinez de Hoz and W. Balding, after one of the best games on the Riviera. The prizes were handed to the winners by Lady Carnarvon.

THE first big hurdle race at Cannes Races for a prize of 75,000 francs was run on Sunday (February 7). The nine horses that went to the post were all first-raters, and favouritism was pretty equally shared between Mr. Arthur Veil-Picard's Cyrus and Mr. James Hennessey's Rob Roy, and by the time three parts of the distance (3500 metres) had been covered, it was plain that the issue lay between these two. Cyrus was holding a slight lead up to the last obstacle; there Rob Roy caught him, but on getting his head in front he seemed to falter momentarily, and it was fatal. Cyrus, running more evenly, was up to him in a flash and beat him in the last few strides by a head, perhaps just a shade luckily; but it was a very fine race.

H. S. S.

Sport and General

TENNIS TIME AT CANNES

Some of the spectators at the Carlton Club tournament, when the presence of Mlle. Lenglen and Miss Wills in the Singles resulted in large attendances. The group shows: Mrs. J. Thompson (left), M. E. de Terwangne and the Princess Marie Louise d'Orléans

A BOOK, A PLAY AND A MAN OF TO-DAY

BY REGINALD ARKELL

ILLUSTRATED BY OSWALD CUNINGHAM

"DIARY OF A YOUNG LADY OF FASHION"

(By Cleone Knox.)

BEFORE we start,
I must warn you
That some people
Say this book
Was not written
By the young lady
Whose name appears
On the title page.
Let me say at once
That I, for one,
Don't care a hoot
Who wrote it.
It is darned good,
And that is enough
For me!

Let those who read
This old-world screed
By Mistress Knox
Prepare for shocks.
The lady knew
A thing or two,
And, this is strictly entre nous
Her tale is just a trifle blue
In part:
But, bless your heart,
She meant no harm,
And so,
There's no
Occasion for alarm.

She did not hide her love.
Not she.
Nor let concealment
Like a worm in the bud
Feed on her damask cheek.
Not she, again.
She told the world!

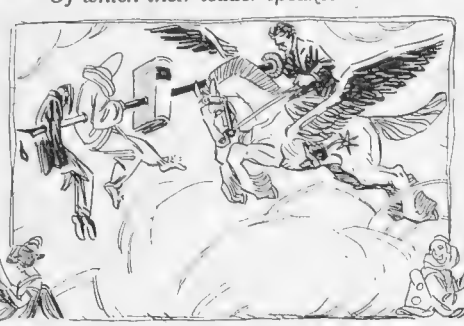
I like Miss Knox:
I read her every night,
And then switch off the light,
To dream of happy far-off days
When Love went dancing down the ways—
And bless the name of Butterworth
Of Mr. Thornton Butterworth,
Who gave this charming volume birth.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL

(Who said the work of the Liberal Party was largely completed.)

THEIR work, you say, is done.
Oh, no! Not so!
Their work is but begun.

Don't be unkind,
They've still to find
Excuses strange and new,
Why Alfred Mond—and you—
Fled from the Faithful Few,
Leaving the Residue
To seek the golden strand
Of that far, problematical Promised Land,
Which lies, I understand,
Beyond those Purple Peaks
Of which their leader speaks.



"NO NO NANETTE"

IN the deepest recess
Of his Banqueting Room,
The Baronet sits
In Baronial gloom.
From the famous rose-window
The sun filters down,
Lighting on armour
And wainscoting brown.
What tragedy lurks
In the deepening gloom
Of the Baronet's wainscoted
Banqueting Room?

He wants to be happy;
He ought to be happy,
But he is not happy, yet.
He cannot be happy,
He will not be happy,
Till he's seen No No Nanette!
Though he's implored them,
Though he has wept,
Though he once slept in the queue,
They spurn his half guinea,
Won't let him see Binnie,
Won't let him hear "Tea for Two."

The Baronet's biting
His nails in a pet;
He'd be biting his beard
But it hasn't come yet.
Dark tragedy lurks
In the Banqueting Hall—
There isn't a seat
For the Palace at all.
He's rung up the agents
All day on the phone
And that's why the Baronet
Sits All Alone:

All alone
At the Telephone
Just as you or I might do
All alone.
You can hear him groan:
No other play will do-oo-oo.
All alone—every stall is full
And the dress circle, too,
But there'll come a day,
When he'll see the play
And then he can say
He's happy, too.

"All the King's Horses" at the Globe

Produced January 25, 1926

By "JINGLE" Illustrated by MACMICHAEL.

After a long absence on tour in the Colonies, Miss Irene Vanbrugh has come back to Town, and has very properly received an enthusiastic welcome on her return to the London stage. Although, in this play, Miss Vanbrugh represents the mother of a grown-up family of two, she remains as lively and as impish as a schoolgirl off for the holidays. She is the wife of Wilfred Everitt, a well-known City man, and when City men are well-known they want everybody to notice it. In other walks of life, outstanding success usually brings with it a certain restraining modesty; but success in high finance seems to make men tremendously exclusive. One of the popular journals that deal in personal statistics has informed the world that Mr. Wilfred Everitt's income from his business is ten thousand a year; and such a comfortable measure of prosperity apparently justifies him in being an uncompromising tyrant in his home.

We first see Mrs. Everitt in her drawing-room working in a nicely domesticated way on a piece of embroidery, or something of that sort. (I have a natural hesitation in descriptive detail when dealing with a lady's needlework, in case my inexperienced eye should have prompted me to be regrettably loquacious where silence would have been golden; but I feel sure that Mrs. Everitt's handiwork on this occasion is purely decorative.) Her first caller is her brother Dick, home from a scientific expedition in the Southern Seas, who hopes that she is happy. Mrs. Everitt replies that she supposes she is happy, though she hints that, like most wives, she is trying to make the best of an unlucky dip in the matrimonial bran-tub. Her husband is such a superior person, but she has put up with him for twenty years or so, and what can't be cured must be endured.

Then Jack, her son, a promising lad of nineteen, destined for the dull routine of his father's City office, comes bouncing in to say that he has won a small scholarship in Art, and has consequently decided to devote his life to that attractive but precarious calling. His mother sympathises with his aspirations in that direction, but is sure his father will never hear of such a terrible fall from commercial grace. I don't know much about money, but I should have supposed that a man with ten thousand a year could have afforded to encourage the talent of his only son. Probably Mr. Everitt could have done so; but the fact is he needs all his spare thousands for contributions to political funds, as the purchase price of a prospective knighthood. Not that he covets the honour for himself, as you can quite understand. As all good chess-players know, when the pawn is knighted the game is nearly over. But he is willing to accept the knighthood for his wife's sake. The ladies attach so much importance to trifles of that sort, don't you know!

The relations between father and son are indicated by the fact that when Jack hears that Dad won't be home to tea he breaks into the first line of the Doxology, though his version of it does not, it is true, suggest the habitual Church-goer. Then sister Jill comes into the limelight. She has to inform her mother that she is engaged to her father's private secretary, a young man of unblemished record, but of that hopeless indigence that gives the average prosperous City man a sinking feeling internally. Here, again, the amiable mother can only listen sympathetically, and sigh in anticipation. Then Pa arrives home. Richly impersonated by Mr. Allan Aynesworth, Pa proves to be all that we have anticipated. He needs the best part of the drawing-room carpet for himself as he stalks pompously up and down, and he has no conversation except such as relates to trivial and uninteresting details of his business affairs.

Then Jack and Jill, by a previously concerted compact, face the martinet and state their respective cases. The very mid-Victorian Pa listens with ill-disguised

impatience, and replies that, if his children have decided to act contrary to his wishes, they must become self-supporting on the spot. But he is satisfied that their aspirations are all rubbish, and they had better go and dress for dinner and forget their folly. Selah! Mr. Everitt explains to his docile wife that whenever he encounters an unpleasant experience in life he just ignores its existence, and he finds that the apparition vanishes of its own accord. That is all right as far as it goes; but if the unpleasant experience should be, for instance, a well-aimed snowball, and you have got it in the neck, the philosophy that enables you to ignore it while it is going away of its own accord must be very, very complete.

MRS. EVERITT sighingly acquiesces in her husband's conclusion; and then all at once a figurative Chinese cracker drops into the glum and gloomy household. Mrs. Everitt, having already dressed for dinner, is alone in the drawing-room when her maid announces that a "person" of the name of Mrs. Maunders has called to see the mistress. Mrs. Everitt, imagining that the caller is one of the objects of her charitable ministrations, receives her visitor at once. Mrs. Maunders comes straight to the point. She asks familiarly after the great man, speaking of him as Willie, and justifies her attitude by explaining that she knew him when he was a lad at Oxford, where he became in due course the father of her illegitimate child. She produces sufficient evidence to substantiate her story, and wants to know what Willie is going to do about it. It is true that the regrettable incident took place nearly thirty years ago, and that the case has already been settled out of court; but in her simple and ingenuous way Mrs. Maunders thinks that at a time when Willie is aspiring to a knighthood and Parliamentary honours, a revival of the scandal should prove distinctly remunerative to herself.

MRS. EVERITT promises to arrange for a personal interview between her husband and Mrs. Maunders later in the evening, and as soon as her visitor has gone she laughs aloud. Humpty-Dumpty has had a great fall! This Colossus of Peck-sniffian pomposity has delivered himself into her hands, and she is going to let him hear about it. She orders a pint of champagne for her dinner, as a sort of rum-ration before going over the top, as it were, and as soon as dinner is ended she takes the field. Apparently even the nicest of ladies, after a pint of champagne, have a tendency to slur their syllables, and to sit down more abruptly than they intended, but, these defects apart, Mrs. Everitt is valiantly confident in the success of her righteous cause.

MR. EVERITT sits in pained astonishment at his desk while his meek little wife strides up and down the room, and bangs her fist periodically on his desk, and wishes him to understand that she won't have any more of his nonsense. The children are hers as well as his, and they have got to have what they want, and don't you forget it! The scene is a magnificent piece of comedy by Miss Vanbrugh, and the humour, while nicely restrained, is perfect. The part of Mrs. Maunders should make the reputation of Miss Mary Mayfren. Such a fine piece of character-acting is rare among us. Mr. Edward Scott-Gatty, as the son of the house, shows an extraordinary versatility; and dainty Miss Jill Esmond-Moore, whose name speaks for itself, does all that can be done with the very conventional part of the daughter. But it is Miss Vanbrugh's evening, and congratulations are respectfully offered accordingly.

JINGLE

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

A HARD COURT-SHIP.

Phyllis, whene'er I see you stand,
Four-square to all the winds that blow,
Your racket glued unto your hand,
And smiting 'em like billy-oh,
I feel you're not my partner sent
To play with me Life's Tournament.

I could not, dear, compete with you,
Like Jehu, driving furiously,
For if we had a smart set-to,
Th' advantage would not rest with me:
In fact, I fancy you're the sort
Who'd promptly put me out of court!

'Tis sad, for though you're in my set,
And though for you my bosom yearns,
I know that I should only get
Small profit from your quick returns;
And though you are not thirty, Love,
You'd do on me the dirty, Love!

I'd like to serve you till I die,
But know the net result would be
That wheresoe'er the fault might lie,
You'd play the very deuce with me.
Ah me, heigh ho, alas, alack, it
Means that I couldn't stand the racket!

It is said that Mr. Cook sent to Mr. Thomas as a Valentine a Lump of Waste!

. . . . .

A CORRESPONDENT deplores the illiteracy of waiters at public dinners. Have we not often heard a hired valet cry, "'Ave 'ock?" and let loose the dregs of yore!

. . . . .

A COMMUNIST orator declared last week, "We will not have these new houses; they shall be swept over the cataract of public opinion." Over the Weir, in fact.

. . .

"THEY say that Babs has taken to drink."

"Yes, they call her 'Babsinthe' now."

. . .

WE witnessed recently a scene in a provincial revue in which an actor represented that hearty old monarch, Hengist. It was curious to note that, as the scene progressed, Hengist became Hoarser.

. . .

SCANDAL.

Honi soit qui—
There they go—
Talky-talky—
Honi soit qui—
Walky-walky—
To and fro—
Honi soit qui—
There they go.

. . .

A DOCTOR we know was called in to attend a case of *delirium tremens*. Declaring he saw a snake on the wall, the patient heaved a bottle of whisky at it. It turned out, however, that he had "scotched the snake, not killed it."

By A. D. PHOENIX

MY WORD!

WIFE (tearfully): "You've broken the promise you made me."

HUSBAND: "Never mind, my dear, don't cry. I'll make you another!"

How the following questions and answers got into this office we simply do not know:—

PERPLEXED: "I have been walking out with my young man for three months. He never takes me anywhere, and always boxes my ear instead of saying good-night. Ought I to stick to him?"

AUNT EMILY: "Certainly. The fact that he gives you a thin time and a thick ear ought not to weigh with you. Try to rise above these petty annoyances."

CISSY: "My *fiancé* has a red beard. What can I do about it?"

AUNT EMILY: "You might try weed-killer."

VERA: "I find that the man I am engaged to has a wife and seven children in Brighton. Can you advise me?"

AUNT EMILY: "Don't do anything rash, Vera. Try to appeal to his higher nature; and don't think too hardly of Brighton. The air is excellent."

ANXIOUS: "I have been married for thirty-five years and have just met the man I can really love. What should I do?"

AUNT EMILY: "Yours is a very common case. Stick to the old recipe:—Live much in the open air and don't let your mind dwell on it."

. . .

FOR serving a lady with short-weight bread a West London baker has been heavily fined. When she found she'd been cheated, we don't suppose the lady weighed her words.

. . .

"WHAT sort of a chap is he?"

"Well, his purse is tight and his conversation is loose."

. . .

TO-DAY'S little thought: How curious to reflect that all the money one has saved for a rainy day may vanish on a wet night!

. . .

HAVING been privileged to see a lady of our acquaintance wearing her newest evening frock, we can assert that she is no back number.

. . .

"WHAT is he like in financial matters?"

"Well, I've been told that the only thing he ever came by honestly was adenoids."

. . .

"Do come along, I want to show you some new steps."

"Right ho, I'm a devil on the stairs."

A High Old Time

BY W. HEATH R BINSON

Testing the nerve of a promising young student at the Royal College of Steeplejacks

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"The exasperated victims"

MES AMIS—

You know, there is nobody like the Parisienne for revealing to you, very frankly, some manner of making capital, with gaiety, out of what one is accustomed to regard as one's misfortunes. Take this telephone *histoire,* the latest of the sequence. If there were one thing in Paris calculated to convince you that Mr. Edison or Mr. Bell, or both, should be classed as public malefactors for having invented an instrument which in this city has made the worst tortures of the Inquisition look like afternoon-tea diversions, it was the telephone. But now . . . Ah, now!

THUS did it come about. The exasperated victims on the exchange to which I am attached, having made one another's acquaintance to an extraordinary degree of sympathetic intimacy through being connected to one another every time they wished to speak with someone else, decided to band themselves together in a union of defence, and, as the most appropriate form of consolidating interests, organised periodical dinners at which, under the inspiration of brain-wave stimulating wines, could be determined an infallible plan of campaign.

AND the elaboration of this plan of campaign was in good way towards achievement when the Parisienne, hitherto hidden beneath the anonymity of the telephone *demoiselle,* signalised her power to sway events by a note to the dinner committee, pointing out how much more effective these gatherings would be if a number of the *demoiselles* were invited—to take note of the complaints personally and exchange ideas about improvements of the service. Judging the matter on a strict business basis, this appeared to the committee a very sound method of procedure, and its adoption was voted unanimously.

"Signalised her power by a note"

THERE is scarcely any need to say that these telephone dinners are now very popular. Improvement in the service to the point of perfection is not now being hurried too fast, it may be mentioned, as that might cause the disappearance of the *raison d'être* of assemblies, which have shown that telephone *demoiselle* and subscriber have many very agreeable interests in common.

IN Paris at present, now that the all-the-year-round tourist traffic is probably nearing the level of what were merely seasonal "invasions," there is a danger that the effort to make theatrical productions comprehensible to every section of the visitors may result in bringing the standard down to that aimed at by the producers of most of the American films. This would be a very unfortunate development, and it is difficult to see in what way it would be advantageous to the producers of Paris, for, not only would it exclude the greater part of the home public, but probably a big section of the travellers, who, even when they have only a smattering of French, are generally intelligent and able to follow an entertainment sufficiently to find amusement.

LOCAL managers are failing to appreciate adequately, apparently, that what tourists most prefer to see in Paris is something which is thoroughly Parisian, and that they have no nights to waste over the sort of hotch-potch which could be staged, and very likely better, in the larger villages of their own lands. Theatres and, more so, music-halls, are, like *hôtels-palaces,* becoming too cosmopolitanised. When one has come all the way from Melbourne, St. Louis, or even London, it is a disappointment to be faced with what could have been enjoyed at home without the fag of a long journey.

IT is unsatisfactory, therefore, to find the MM. Isola inaugurating their management of that beautiful building, the Théâtre Moga-

(*Continued on page* 362)

A Singer of Paris

Abte

MLLE. KUSMETZOFF

Who is appearing as "Bayadère" in Kalman's operetta, "La Bayadère" at the Théâtre Mogador in Paris. This piece marks the Théâtre Mogador's change-over from films to musical productions

dor with a piece so very broadly designed to appeal to all and sundry that it is possible it will appeal to nobody at all. It would be very hard to say what *La Bayadère* is supposed to be, unless it is an effort to combine melodrama with the popular operette, *couplets* afterwards thrown in to give a suggestion of the Parisian flavour; but Pierre Veber, who, generally, can write such *couplets* with anybody, has become heavy-footed in such an atmosphere, very excusably. The operette element is the best of this concoction, for among the company are several who can sing very nicely, and, luckily, they are furnished with a fair number of opportunities. But, candidly, better than this had been expected of the *frères* Isola.

S

QUITE conceivably it is this "playing down" to the lowest common measure on the part of the old hands, reputably experienced to the last shade in public taste, which is inducing young playwrights to leap to the other extreme in the effort to be "new" at all costs. The appropriate contrast to *La Bayadère* is to be found in young M. Soumagne's *Les Danseurs de Gigue*, a construction based on the principles of geometry, pushed rather extravagantly to support the theory of the parallelism of two lives.

"Two youths entering the same waiting-room"

S

A CERTAIN amount of parallelism is acceptable, for examples must have been remarked by almost everybody, but M. Soumagne lines his geometrical models too rigidly. He asks us to believe that two youths entering the same waiting-room of a provincial station to take the same train have not only similar suit-cases, but similar thoughts and actions, and that this similarity of mind and activity, making them a sort of moral twins, will remain with them throughout their university career and in the greater life outside, these lads being not only of similar substance, but moulded and hammered according to a standard pattern like "series" motor cars. Obviously, if this play were translated into English, the youths would have ready-made names in Morris and Cowley.

AND not content with this standardisation of his males, M. Soumagne causes Charles and Julien to encounter two young women who are also complementary. After insisting to this extent on his parallelisms, the author has gone too far to be able to depart from it, it seems to me, but for some reason or other he decides to break the regularity, and he makes Charles fail at an examination, while he pushes Julien through, Charles thereupon marrying Marie, while Julien weds Emilienne.

S

A FAILURE at exams., Charles naturally becomes a successful businessman, while Julien, with quite as much probability, stagnates as an ineffective barrister. After the author has shown that Charles can plead so eloquently as to gain a case that Julien has lost, he reinvokes the similarity of identities, but changes their sympathetic feelings towards one another to feelings of hate.

S

HERE, one would be prepared to admit, M. Soumagne is on very solid ground. How thoroughly one would hate an individual just like himself. Altogether, however, one feels that M. Soumagne, whose first piece was rather good, has on this occasion misdirected his ingenuity. After a scene or two, you can almost imagine that somebody will come to the front of the stage and announce, "White to move and mate in three."

RENÉ.

"Thoroughly Parisian"

A LADY journalist says that conversation at dances is becoming more intelligent. We culled the following gems at a recent cabaret show we attended :—

"Rotten floor, isn't it?"

"Well, what about a quick one?"

"This tune makes me go all of a woof-woof."

"I suppose you've heard about Mabel?"

"They're not bad for seven bob a hundred."

"What's this Psyche analysis they talk about?"

"I like a girl who's broad-minded."

"Have you heard this one?"

"Oh, Hell!"

BY MACMICHAEL

"PITY 'TIS 'TIS TRUE"!

"FEBRUARY

Flood, Frost and Foot-and-Mouth have all done their best to make for a very interrupted season, to say the least of it
Masters have to snatch a day's hunting whenever possible, even though over-reaches and pulled-

Y FILL-DYKE"

BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

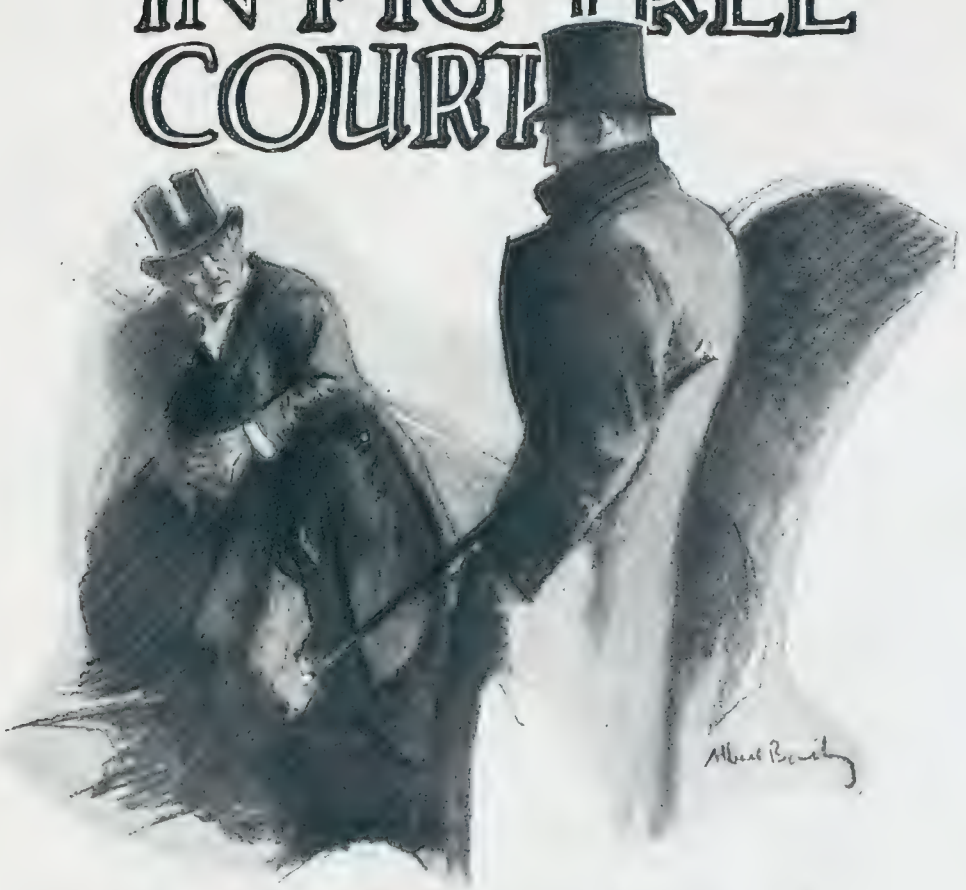
f it in most parts of the country, and the above picture is typical of large areas of what is normally fine grass country.
ff shoes be the fate of the horses and their riders return caked from head to foot with flying mud.

Golf Terms Illustrated

BY TONY CASTLE

A "HIGH TEE"

IN FIG TREE COURT



By B. L. Jacot de Boinod

Illustrated by ALBERT BAILEY

THERE are many, knowing George Frederick St. Leger Atcherley-Gore, who will say that this is a tale, and laugh.

But that, of course, does not make it any the more unlikely; and if they do not believe, then let them ask the great man himself for the story, or, better still, let them take him by the arm and lead him casually towards those parts of the Temple known to all, Legal and sundry, as Fig Tree Court, saying, "It is a fine night," or some such other pleasantry, to mark the occasion.

There are those, too, who have done it, and they have undoubtedly found that St. Leger will not move a step further than a highly imaginary line drawn anywhere (with the Bencher's permission) not closer to the stone flags of that court than one man will bowl to another at cricket.

Now this is strange, for the great man is not one to be much diverted from his composure. I myself have seen him in these parts of Flanders lately tenanted by all us makeshift soldiers holding discourse with his sergeant on night patrol as elegant and witty as if the whine of shells were a groundswell of dowagers' small-talk and the rattle of machine-guns the tinkle of teacups in a Mayfair drawing-room.

And there are many, too, who will say, if their opinion be sought, that if a tiger, not having eaten for much longer than he found convenient, were set face to face with our St. Leger, and the great man had cause to be dissatisfied with the demeanour of such a beast of the jungle, they would incline to the view that it would be the tiger who would think fit to recall a pressing engagement elsewhere. That is, of course, merely a matter of opinion. But the sober fact remains. Of such poor stuff are heroes made that *St. Leger will not pass by night across Fig Tree Court.*

Nor does he deny it. He may even refer to it from time to time in that delightful period of unfettered intercourse which fills the lingering gap between the last drink and retirement for the night. He is not ashamed, he is awed; and the recollection of it sobers him, especially as the direct way back to his own chambers from those of his frequent host lies as straight as the arm of Fate across that ill-omened court.

It was some time after it happened that he told me the story, he having kept it, as men will, to himself to try to get the better of it. For some three weeks had I known of the detour that he was in the habit of making, and, suspecting something, I had followed him, but had gained nothing but the sobering effects of a blow of the night air.

He had arrived (he related) back in the Temple from a ball holden in those fashionable parts best referred to, for want of a more intimate description, as Mayfair. The hour was that of the early morning, and the night was a fine one, cool and clear, even for June. His condition (he insists) was that of sobriety, and his mode of progression had been that of walking upon the soles of his patent leather shoes across St. James's Square and on to Charing Cross, and thence by the chronic L.C.C. tramcars to the bottom of Middle Temple Lane, a manner he much affected at the time.

There were no wind and no stars, and the air pressed all around like black velvet. It was the sort of night, he said, that is clear in the open spaces and black as the breath of Hell in the shadows, and as he made his way across the gardens, wisps of mist, that hung in spirals about the river and draped the lower branches of the giant trees, followed him in clammy streamers

It was on the steps as he climbed through Crown Office Row that he first noticed the old man, bent almost double against the wall, half in and half out of the velvet blackness of the shadows. A shrunken little man, and very old, and, as the gallant St Leger stood for a moment wondering what he might do, the old fellow raised a fine white hand to his lips and let loose a feeble croaking from his sunken chest.

Old gentlemen in frock coats and silk hats are in the habit of resenting interference from strangers, especially in the Temple, where, even in the early hours, and though they may seem to be in pain, it may reasonably be concluded that they are Judges of the High Court, Masters of the Bench, or, at least, eminent King's Counsel.

St. Leger stood awhile and considered the matter deeply, arguing that it was all not so, and that gentry as advanced in years as was the little fellow are not to be seen coughing about in the Temple by night. But he was never more plainly faced with the facts, and even as he pondered the old man croaked again, and the breath slid through his fingers and rose in streaks like the smoke of a cigar.

As has been said, however, St. Leger is not one easily to be shaken from his composure.

"You appear, sir," he began, "to be at some disadvantage If I could,

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perhaps, give you the assistance of my arm ?——"

The old man raised his head slowly. His face was as white as his hands, his features finely cut but lean and waxen. His eyes, as they wandered slowly over the elegant length before him, were clear and grey as Polar ice, but he looked very old and very ill.

"You honour me strangely," he said slowly in a thin voice, husky and wavering as the distant sound of escaping steam. "But I am much obliged." He straightened his back and leant over to hook his arm into that of his escort.

"An odd position," thought St. Leger, "to be leading paralytic old men about the Temple at this hour of the night." But he took the affair, as is his custom, very much as it came.

For a while they progressed in silence.

The old man was very feeble. He hung and tottered on every step. He was not drunk, for he was too old to be drunk, and he smelt of the moth and old clothes, rather than of alcohol. What he might be doing out-of-doors at that hour was, his companion reflected, strictly speaking his own affair. You never knew; and he was disposed to leave it at that.

In the middle of Fig Tree Court the old man's shuffling subsided, and he peered up sideways towards the opera hat slanting in so brave a manner over the left eye-brow of his companion.

"You will pardon me if I pause for a moment ?" he whispered. "Walking abroad does not come easy to me now, and I find that I fare better if I rest often Tiresome, is it not ?"

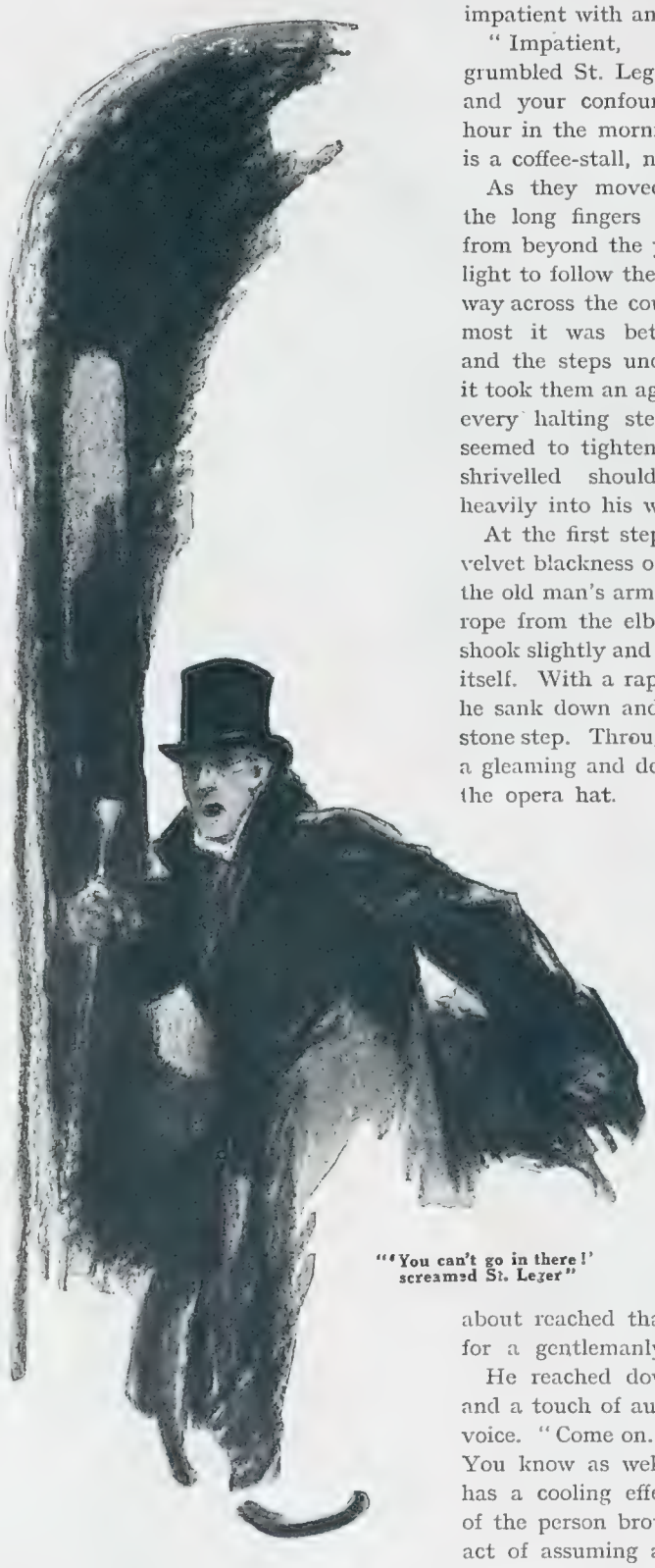
"On the contrary," muttered St. Leger. "Pleased, I'm sure." But he was not listening.

The claw-like grip on his arm loosed, and the old man leant back against the lamp-post in the middle of the court. The light from the flickering gas jet shone in the tall man's eyes; he could only see the shadowy figure across a blanket of yellow, but he stood by politely and waited, wondering where the fellow might live and hoping it wa not far.

"You have not, I suppose," the old man began, suddenly, "such a thing as a biscuit ?" His head was screwed round, and in the yellow radiance spreading from the feather of gaslight his grey eyes gleamed eagerly.

"A thing, I regret, I don't often carry. Sorry, I'm sure." The opera hat shook gravely.

The other dropped his eyes and a sigh escaped him that whistled as gently as the coo of a dove. "I am not lightly beholden to others in the matter of food, but after all these years. . . . Strange how few among them all, who must eat, day by day, seem to care about the necessary provision of food. Not a care, not a second thought . . . yet . . . You may, perhaps, have such a thing as a little fruit on your person, or a cake ?"



"'You can't go in there!' screamed St. Leger"

St. Leger shrugged his shoulders in regret. "I am sorry to say that I have not. But, if you would allow me, one minute would suffice for me to bring refreshments from my chambers ? But perhaps when you return to your own house. . . ."

"No. There's no food in my house, now. But, I am much obliged for your offer. You are kind—but I cannot avail myself of it at the moment." The old man shook his head slowly from side to side. He groped for his companion's arm. "Come, I must not keep you. Let it not be said that you were impatient with an old man."

"Impatient, my eyebrow!" grumbled St. Leger to himself. "You and your confounded biscuits at this hour in the morning What you want is a coffee-stall, not a cavalier."

As they moved away, arm-in-arm, the long fingers of mist swept down from beyond the yellow wedges of gaslight to follow them as they made their way across the court. Ten yards at the most it was between the lamp-post and the steps under the archway, but it took them an age to cover. And with every halting step the claw-like grip seemed to tighten, and the rub of the shrivelled shoulder to press more heavily into his waist.

At the first step, on the edge of the velvet blackness of the passage beyond, the old man's arms, hanging like a tow-rope from the elbow of his tall escort, shook slightly and then swiftly detached itself. With a rapid twist of the body, he sank down and sat hunched on the stone step. Through the gloom he threw a gleaming and defiant glance towards the opera hat.

"Here, I say," protested his escort. "You'll catch your death of cold. A man of your age can't do that sort of thing. Come along now, be reasonable!" St. Leger was getting a little tired of the old man. There was, he felt, a limit to all things, and it occurred to him that the conduct of his charge had about reached that stage which called for a gentlemanly reprimand.

He reached down to take his arm, and a touch of authority crept into his voice. "Come on. Up you get, my lad! You know as well as I do that stone has a cooling effect upon those parts of the person brought into play in the act of assuming a sitting posture. If you don't, God knows where you were educated. A man of your age ought to be ashamed of himself. If I——"

"Take your hands off, sir!" the old man snapped. "My education is no concern of yours. Kindly hold your tongue!" And such was the flash of those clear grey eyes that St. Leger felt that there was no conduct to be expected of a gallant, yet discreet, squire other than that of respectful acquiescence. He disposed of himself

(Continued on page 379)

To the Letter

BY STARR WOOD

DAD: "Good-bye, my boy, write to me as often as you can"
UNDERGRAD: "That's generous of you, Dad, thanks, I will"

"Found dead in his garret over Fig Tree Court"

carefully at a slant against the stonework, and, while his charge mumbled indignantly to himself, doubled up like a half-empty sack of grain, he took a leisurely survey of such as the light of the lamp in the centre of the court might serve to reveal—and that, indeed, was not much.

It was the old man who broke the silence. "Have you," he began, in a hoarse whisper, "such a thing as a biscuit that you might without inconvenience lay your hands upon? Or, perhaps a tin of beef?—pressed beef, very sustaining, you know; and, with a piece of bread now and again, it can be made to last over several days. Ah, yes. A week if you're careful—and it does not begin to deteriorate. Heartbreaking then, is it not?"

"Ah, there you have it!" agreed St. Leger gravely, and added under his breath, "May the Good God preserve me from wild women and eccentric old gentlemen!"

With a sharp turn of his shoulder against the wall he jerked himself back on to his feet and fell to patting inquisitorially those parts of his person about which his tailor had thought fit to set pockets.

"I am afraid," he said at length, "that you have caught me out about the tinned beef, but if you would allow me one minute — my chambers are situated just beyond the cloisters —I will gladly fetch a spread of refreshments that may well help to pass the time at this our merry little all-night session. One moment, I——"

"Stop! I cannot, I regret, accept your kindly offer. In the matter of food one does not. . . . And most people are so greedy and so thoughtless. They fail to appreciate what little may suffice in others—what very little in a man as old as I, if it can be taken regularly——"

"I assure you, sir——"

"No, no! Sit you down beside me. You have the air of intelligence. Closer. My voice does not carry far, and I find the night air very trying. A man of intelligence may appreciate the position if he be disposed to comprehend."

The tall man turned up his collar, and taking things, as was his cheerful custom, very much as he found them, sat shoulder to shoulder on the step. The early hours of the morning are, obviously, not the time for sentiment, and St. Leger carefully avoided his charge's eye, which seemed to hold out an odd sort of clinging appeal.

"You are, of course, a member of the Bar?"

The opera hat inclined itself in assent.

"A fine profession—but problematic. Queen's Counsel, sir, that is my standing. But no doubt you call it different, now."

"Queen's Counsel?" interrupted St. Leger, but it was all the same to him.

"Ah, that was the trouble!" The old man breathed it like a sigh. "The leader of the Junior Patent Bar. That was my standing in the Profession—before I took Silk." He wagged a long

(Continued on page 374)

"A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew"

"Sasha"

MISS FRANCES ST. CLAIR

Who is adding considerably to the "gaiety" of nations by her graceful dancing at the Gaiety Theatre. Far from being "up a tree," "The Blue Kitten" is purring along in perfect contentment

The Camera at Two

LADY WARRENDER

MRS. MARSHALL ROBERTS (left), LADY ROBERT MANNERS AND LADY WORSLEY

Photographs *L.N.A.*

LORD STANLEY, MISS MONICA SHERRIFF AND THE HON. MRS. LIONEL TENNYSON

Some impressions of the recent meet of the Belvoir at Eastwell. Three foxes afforded a good day's sport although hounds failed to kill. The Duke of York and Prince Henry were in the field

Meets in Rutlandshire

MR. DURHAM (left), LADY NORAH BENTINCK, MRS. HUGHES-ONSLOW, MRS. BOND AND CAPT. HUGHES-ONSLOW, WITH MISS BRYDGYTTE AND MASTER HENRY BENTINCK (in front)

THE HON. KENNETH AND MRS. MACKAY.

Photographs *Alfieri*

MISS MOLLY BURNS (mounted) AND HER SISTER

LADY MARGARET SPENCER (left), MRS. DUBERLY, LADY STANLEY AND MRS. JENKINS

Members of the field and onlookers at the "After-the-Ball" meet of the Cottesmore at Oakham. The day's hunting was excellent, three foxes being killed.

white finger shakily. "Young man, taking Silk is a venture into the Unknown—a trip over uncharted waters—trusting to Fate when Fate is only concerned with removing you from its path, in sinking you, together with your life's work, the achievements of your youth, and the hopes for your old age. Young man, when the Queen is pleased to number you one of her select counsel be prepared to accept anything from Fate, and before you embark, make certain that you can swim."

"I'm a bit of a yachtsman, myself," put in the tall man, politely. "But many thanks. I will bear it in mind."

The old man sat and rubbed his gums with the back of his fine white hands. "You haven't such a thing——" he began, but the other took him up quickly.

"Many regrets," he apologised. "I believe you mentioned it before."

"It's of no consequence—I beg your pardon. As I was saying, always keep a cautious eye on the future. People so easily forget. One man is really of no significance in the many, and people so easily forget—even one's own children." Once more he sighed, as gently as the breath of spring. "There is such a deal else to think about. As a Junior, the world was with me, for my practice was as busy as anyone's, and my dinners and my parties were lavish—perhaps too lavish. But as a Silk. . . . It was as simple as it was complete. The world forgot. What is one existence the more or less? There are so many others: ten young men to elbow for the place of an old man who stumbles. You young men, well-fed, well-housed, well-loved——"

"Well-loved. . . Ah!" whispered St. Leger, soulfully.

"What's that?" croaked the old man, rocking dangerously on the step.

"True, true," the tall man hastened, raising his voice.

"True, indeed. You young men have no conception of the worries that come with old age. No sooner are you hungry than you must eat; no sooner have you eaten than you are hungry once more. A tin of biscuits is gone before you have had time to be cheered by the thought of having it by you in the house, and tinned meat so soon deteriorates. And all the time you must live; and how can your money last out, if you don't die? Death won't come to your bidding; it comes in its own time, and across a bridge of pain and suffering. . . . A man cannot be lightly beholden to others in the matter of food. . . ."

In the distance the chimes of Big Ben drifted over the river, sounding the hour—four long-drawn shaking booms. The old man had fallen into a moody silence, rubbing again at his gums with his long thin hands.

"Really, sir, you must allow me," St. Leger stifled a yawn. "A biscuit and a nip of brandy—liqueur cognac. That's the stuff for keeping out the chill, the stuff for a night like this, eh? In one minute I would set it before you, here on the flags, and we would feast like the kings we are. Let us not consider such trifles as pride. Neither, for that matter, am I lightly beholden—how was it you put it?—to other people when it comes to asking for biscuits. But cognac, a nip of liqueur cognac, and a biscuit to send it down—Come, sir, no one drinks his own drinks unless it be in the company of others! Let us not talk of pride! Pride was made for ladies of the chorus and social reformers from Pittsburg, U.S.A. You must excuse me for one minute——"

But the old man was on his feet, in one swift twist from a shapeless bundle to a quivering slip of animation. "Pride! Pride!" He laughed shrilly, and the echo of it sent a thrill down the spine of his would-be host. "Pride is the curse that stands at the back of all evil! Pride is behind the sob of the maiden, the swollen eyes of the woman, the choke in the throat of the mother. Pride is the wrap that covers and stifles. Pride gnaws at the vitals day and night, and is the only thing that Hope cannot allay. Pride! Pride is so strong you cannot break it, for beyond it lies the strength of all those memories of the achievements of youth, and of the hopes that have not materialised. . . ."

His voice broke and his chin sank to his chest.

"You must not think me ungrateful. I am, sir, much obliged, and I thank you for your kindly offer."

"There is nothing," thought St. Leger, "quite so tiresome as a tiresome old man."

"You are chivalrous, and, indeed, patient to have borne with my infirmities. I am gratified to have found at last one who has the heart to appreciate old age and its burdens——"

"Many thanks. But don't you think——?"

"Yes, yes. I must return. Will you allow me the privilege of your arm?"

He hooked his arm into the elbow of his companion, and slowly they climbed the remaining steps, almost immediately, and were swallowed up in the blackness of the passage.

Now St. Leger admits that he had supped well. But that, he swears, was at least four hours before. He is quite certain that never in his life before had he been more sober, and he prays to God that never again may he be so unfortunate as to be so sober again.

In the darkness half-way through the passage he felt the claw-like grasp on his arm relax. The old man's arm slipped away, and St. Leger, fearing that his charge had slipped down, or fallen dead, or what not, groped round for him in the warm black velvet of the air. To the left, to the right; round his legs, in between his legs; up in the air, down on the cold paving stones of the passage, he groped, but nothing came within reach of his spread fingers.

Then came the old man's voice thinly, distantly, through the dark: "I must leave you here, sir, and wish you a good night, with many thanks for your courtesy. This is my staircase. Good-night."

St. Leger could see him now, a faint blur in the blackness, turning away towards the wall of the passage.

"Good-night," he had actually said in return, when the footsteps of the old man passed from the paving stones of the passage on to the boards of a staircase—and a gust of sudden fear, as swift as the drop of a lift, took him, and the scalp under the opera hat leapt stiff and electric as that of a cat.

"You can't go in there!" screamed St. Leger. "That old staircase has been bricked up for fifty years. Oh God! There is no door! There is no staircase now!"

As the wild echoes of his scream came back to him, he found himself beating his arms against the solid bricks of the wall. And as they died away in the distance the old man's shuffle on the oaken boards of the stairs went on steadily, up and up.

It was then George Frederick St. Leger Atcherley-Gore turned and flew down the steps, nor did he ease his stride until he had reached the coffee-stall on the Embankment. For he had remembered, when it was too late, the story of the old Queen's Counsel who had been found dead in his garret over Fig Tree Court—dead for eight months, and not a soul the wiser—shrivelled and stiff, lying in a litter of empty beef and biscuit tins, with the candle by his bedstead half eaten through. . . .

. . . . . .

The gallant and courteous St. Leger drank three cups of Embankment coffee (which is not, let it be said, as bad as it looks) before the colour would return to his face; and thereafter he swore that, for all time, no degree of alcohol or persuasion would drag him by night any nearer to the stone flags of Fig Tree Court than the limits of a highly imaginary line, drawn anywhere (by permission of the Benchers of the Inn), but not closer than one man will bowl to another at cricket.

And that is the tale; you may laugh, or you may not. B. L. J. DE B.

Lighter Side-Lights from Cruft's

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

There were 9,000 dogs to fall in love with at "Cruft's" this year. As ever, the big show is not only the Mecca of the fraternity concerned chiefly with "points," but also makes an irresistible appeal to the average man who loves a dog for its own sake and can appreciate the Dog Show's inexhaustible fount of unconscious humour

Central News

NEAT PASSING

An incident in the Rugby Football match between Scotland and Wales at Edinburgh, when Scotland won by 8 points to 5. R. A. Cornish makes a fine pass to R. Jones as he is tackled

THE RUGGER WORLD

IMPRESSIONS IN SCOTLAND

By 'PENDARVES"

THE Scotch people said it was "poorish" football. That their own threequarters compared unfavourably with the Welsh. That it was not the best side which won. That the result should have been a draw: and so on. All that may have been true. I think it probably was. But you can carry criticism to quite absurd lengths—especially when you are not *playing* in a game. But, for me, a mere Englishman invited into their stronghold, the recollections of the Scotland-Wales match on that wonderful ground at Edinburgh are most of them vivid, and all of them pleasant.

Some of the impressions of the actual game will remain for a very long time. One particularly, namely how to lose an International Match on a penalty. A penalty lost Wales the match against Scotland. It was not offside *that* time, it was "feet up" in the scrum, that gave Gillies the chance to kick an excellent goal. And those 3 points chucked away were vital to the issue.

Of the Welsh team—indeed of both teams—the scrum half, Delahay, was the best player on the ground. But his brilliantly brainy play was marred by his inability to keep on side. I would like very much to know what the Scotch scrum half, Jimmy Nelson, did eventually say to him about it. You could see him saying things. It was as well we did not hear the gist of them, as we had ladies with us.

Apart from continual offside infringements the game was without blemish, though very hard throughout. Wales, if they can keep up this form, and this sustained pace, in their other national games, are going to be a very dangerous side once more. One is glad this is so: their luck has been out for a long time.

Of Scotland's team, as at present constituted, it is difficult to write. They were beaten fore and aft by Wales in the first half of that game. And in the second half they won the match! Their threequarters collectively are not impressive. There was never any sting in their tail. Individually, especially Dykes and Simmers, they are very good. Ian Smith did not get many chances. Kinnear was badly lamed in the first few minutes. On the other hand, the moment the Welsh threequarters began to move with the ball, you, metaphorically speaking, held your breath for Scotland. Drysdale's kicking at full back for Scotland was wonderful: his stopping and general defensive work at times very poor. Nelson was nothing like so good as Delahay at the base of the scrum. On the other hand, Waddele's play for Scotland, at stand-off half, was an inspiring sight. His try, which gave his country the lead and victory, was one of the best bits of quick thinking individualism any of those 50,000 spectators could wish to see. He gets the ball in a loose maul on the edge of the Welsh 25 mark. He could have passed: Scotsmen were hovering about. It would have been unsafe. So he goes straight for the goal line with a rush and a wriggle or two—and is through before the astonished Welsh backs have grasped him or the situation. Most excellent. Only a brainy player would have done it. But he was always that.

And now a little grouse. 50,000 enthusiastic people watched that game. Incidentally, although this is of quite minor importance, according to the professed ethics of the Scottish Rugby Union, the coffers of the Union were considerably swelled by their presence at Murrayfield. Why, in the name of all that is reasonable and all that is polite to those bemused spectators, who had paid the Union to be there, should not the players be allowed to have distinguishing numbers on their backs? Nobody present could be expected to know ALL the players: many people knew hardly any of them. The Scotch people did not know the Welsh. The big Welsh contingent present knew none of the Scotch. The English knew neither.

It is, of course, quite useless, and I suppose a presumption, to criticise the methods of the S.R.U., who are like unto Cæsar. But I was allowed to hear, at a dinner party in Scotland on that Saturday night, a word or two of explanation as to the Union's point of view, from one of their mighty Members. He admitted that the lack of numbers on players' backs was a foolish bit of conservatism—that he was against such legislation himself. But he gave me to understand that we English don't even begin to appreciate the high moral standpoint adopted towards the game as a whole by its rulers in Scotland. . . etc., etc. He inferred that they would not care—in fact, they would be rather glad—if the public was excluded altogether from watching "a National." They would be quite happy if it was fought out on some field, away from everybody. Their high principles and splendid old traditions command one's deepest respect, naturally.

But if they don't care whether the public comes or not, one wonders, humbly, of course, why in that case they build a gargantuan stand for them at Murrayfield, with 10,000 tip-up seats, and charge ten shillings for the privilege of sitting on one.

Born 1820———Still going Strong!

OLD CRAFT SERIES No. 20

HURDLE-WORK played an important part in roofing for neolithic man's pit-dwelling. Remnants of 'wattle and clay' walls belonging to the Early Iron Age have been found in England. Even so late as during the Roman occupation ordinary houses were made almost entirely of hurdle-work, and to the end of the Middle Ages it was used in one form or another in building.

Some of the first churches were built round hurdle-work frames; and it is related that a 10th century Welsh king, in building himself a glorious palace, used hurdle-work.

Fences and sheepfolds still are made by hurdlers, though wire-work is superseding the woodland craft.

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LET'S HAVE A CLASS WAR!

By BLANCHETTE

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

"Humbly beseeching haughty house-agents"

LONDON, *February* 15.

DEAR COUSIN—

LET'S have a class war! I mean, sort of thing those charming Socialists and people are always busily chatting about, only different. Because *their* idea, of course, is that anyone with a clean face and collar, or who really *works* for his (or her) so-called living, should be utterly and completely down-and-outed, and the World made Properly Fit for Dole-Drawers and Two-Bricks-a-Day-Layers to Dwell In. *A bas,* in fact, not only *l'aristocratie* (who can look after 'emselves), but, what's much more important, *la bourgeoisie.*

卐

INSTEAD of which, methinks, why not the far, far better scheme of seizing the bull by the forelock, so to speak—offensive, in other words, actually to be taken, before it's entirely *écrasé* and wiped off the map by aforesaid *bourgeoisie,* or, in other words, Middle Class. To which after all, dear Cousin, quite a lot if not most of us Bystanders belong, don't we? Only, of course, we're *Upper* Middle Class to a man, and woman, what? A blessed, blessed phrase that, is not it? and covers a multitude of things from Upper Belgravia to Upper Tooting—but that's by the way.

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POINT is—about time somebody did *something* about it, and worm must turn sooner or later, so why not now? Just exactly how and which way, I haven't quite decided yet, but, of course, there's simply hundreds and millions of ingenious methods that *might* be adopted. *E.g.* and for one, we might all start making a habit of marrying into the so-called "working" classes, and thus insidiously insinuate the poison of our own point of view into their very midst, not to mention. . . . But no, that'd take too long, and besides, meseems the remedy would be a far, far worse thing than the disease.

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WHAT about organising us all, instead, for open revolt? A great March of the Middle Classes, to begin with, along Oxford Street and Piccadilly and—No, that wouldn't do . . . we should have to go by Whitechapel Road and New Cut and places, shouldn't we, so as to try and melt the hearts of our *real* oppressors, with just a look in at Whitehall, perhaps, and Parliament Square on the way back. Really rather impressive it would be, I'm sure, and believe even some of the very wealthiest Whitechapel snow-shovellers, drawing out-of-work pay and allowances from at least sixty-two separate organisations and societies, would be positively moved to tears (such sympathy is easy enough, of course, to the idle rich) at the pathetic sight.

卐

AND what a heartrending and impressive procession we should be! Miserable members of Incorporated Society of Indigent Income-tax-payers to start with—about a million million of 'em, all harnessed up with Schedule D's, and Inspectors and Assessors and people flogging them on with Final Notices. . . . Then Cringing Contingent of Women Sheppers Silently Accepting Short Weight—followed by Beefy Butchers with Drawn Cleavers and Grim Process Brandishing (specially selected) Scales. . . . Also, as next (far from allegorical) group, Humble Holocaust of House Hunters eagerly beseeching Haughty House-agents for favour of two rooms and k., e.l., and use of b., for about a thousand or so a year. . . . And so on and lots more thereof.

卐

ALL wrong, says Mr. Arnold Bennett, all this bustling about over things. It's what the Americans do, and what we've lately been rather imitating them in, apparently. High-pressure work for a couple of hours or days and then lots of time off and then more hustle and bustle. Whereas, consider the German, the Jap, or for that matter, of course, the ant. They don't do any of these horrid jumpy things. They just work and work on and on at a nice steady even pressure, *sans* shocks or illicit holidays, and—well, there they are (poor things!).

"Pick-me-up cocktails"

卐

WHEREAS we, frightful people—O list to this 'orrible tale, only it isn't mine but the great Mr. Bennett's—we actually even go out sometimes positively to *dances,* and stay out, too, even unto the small hours, and then . . . what's the awful result? I have seen (says he, solemnly and as one addressing a Really Serious Meeting in the Five Towns, complete with black gloves, antimacassars, and Venetian blinds). I have seen neglected homes—aspirin—scornful servants—yawns in offices—pick-me-up cocktails (shame!)—lost tempers—bullied clerks—and (just a bit of an anticlimax, *n'est-ce pas?*) a grand general mess and inefficiency.

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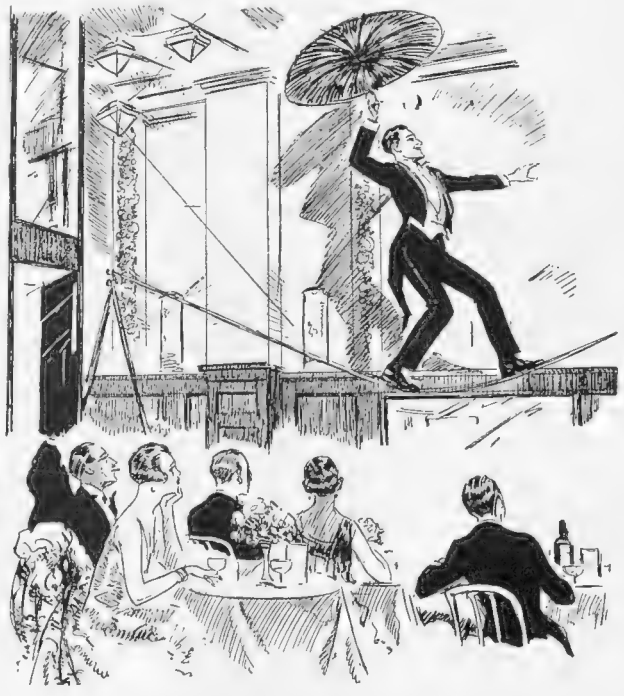
TALKING of America—oh, such lots and lots of American plays I seem to have been seeing since I wrote you last, that my brain, or what the theatres have left of it, positively scintillates with syncopation and bubbles with breathless non-stop U.S. humour, as expounded in, *e.g., The Hottentot* at the Queen's. Wherein dear Mr. Lynne Overman—sober this time, instead of so delightfully



"Jack Deleno at Murray's Club Cabaret"

well . . . whatever-you-call-it as in *Just Married*—just smiles and smiles and pours out lovely futile funninesses till the various curtains drop.

And then there's *Kid Boots* at the Winter Gardens, also of American origin, only you'd never guess that, except for the slight sparseness of amusing events, but that doesn't matter because Mr. Leslie Henson is in it. And not only in it but IT. So perfectly and completely fascinating he is as a dear little golf pro. or caddie master, or something at a rich American club, and I felt I could *kill* Diana Wilson as a nasty rough rude American female doctor when she took the poor dear little thing in hand and positively pummelled him to death (or nearly) in the cause of a so-called massage or electrical treatment.

Dreadful language Mr. Henson uses sometimes in this play, but then, as he says . . . I picked it up in the rough. When I was playing a fearsome. . . . And then, you know, people do do foolish things—I knew a girl who was engaged to the hall porter of the Kit Cat, and she ran away with one of the members. . . . (This is Mr. Henson talking, mind you, not me.)

Talking of dance clubs, said she, going off at a tangent, that cheery spot Murray's (or Blanchard's) in Beak Street is blessed with one of the best dance bands in town. Furthermore, the cuisine under the watchful eye of Albert makes considerably for a joyous evening in the oak-panelled ball-room.

"Inspectors and Assessors flogging them on with final notices"

There's at least one English play being acted somewhere, though I've forgotten where . . . oh, yes, Mr. Shakespeare's *Much Ado* at the New, with Mr. Ainley, fascinating as usual, as a rather more than usually gentle Benedick, and Madge Titheradge, charming *comme toujours*, in the *rôle* of a none too captious Beatrice. Somehow, you know, even when Shakespeare's plays misfire a bit—and this certainly isn't one of his very best—they have at least a certain fascination because they are anyway *made* of the right, true stuff. A good middle-class man, too, though he did put lots of Kings and things into his plays.

With love,

Yours ever,

Blanchette.

PARLIAMENTARY NOTES By Andrew MacLaren, M.P.

THE TRIALS OF REGINALD POTTS, MEMBER FOR NODDLEBANK

No. 4.—The Baby Show

Mr. Reginald Potts, M.P., finds that the social side of a member's life is by no means all jam and honey. The responsibility of acting as judge at the local Baby Show is made no more pleasant by the painful knowledge that as only one infant can win, he will henceforth be regarded as a bigoted brute by nearly all the fond mothers present

THE CHRYSLER SIX IS DESIGNED AND BUILT TO DEFY LONG YEARS OF HARD TREATMENT

LIGHTNING acceleration? Flashing speed? Smooth, positive, hydraulic four-wheel brakes? Yes! But when you buy a Chrysler you are buying more than a high-performance car. *You are buying a car that has it in it to last!* At whatever point continual hard treatment might threaten the condition of the Chrysler in future years, there has the skill of the designer been—strengthening and protecting. There never was a car more carefully designed *and built* to defy the wear and tear of the years! Take just these few typical features—they have been selected at random from a host of others—which are directly responsible for the Chrysler's robustness and durability:—

FOR EXAMPLE

RAW MATERIAL—of the very best. Gears and springs of finest chrome vanadium . . . tubular front axle of chrome molybdenum.

THE WATSON STABILATOR fitted as standard to the Chrysler, is more than a shock absorber. Whereas the ordinary shock absorber exerts the same power of control for all degrees of recoil force, the Watson Stabilator is the only device which resists spring recoil *in proportion to* the recoil force.

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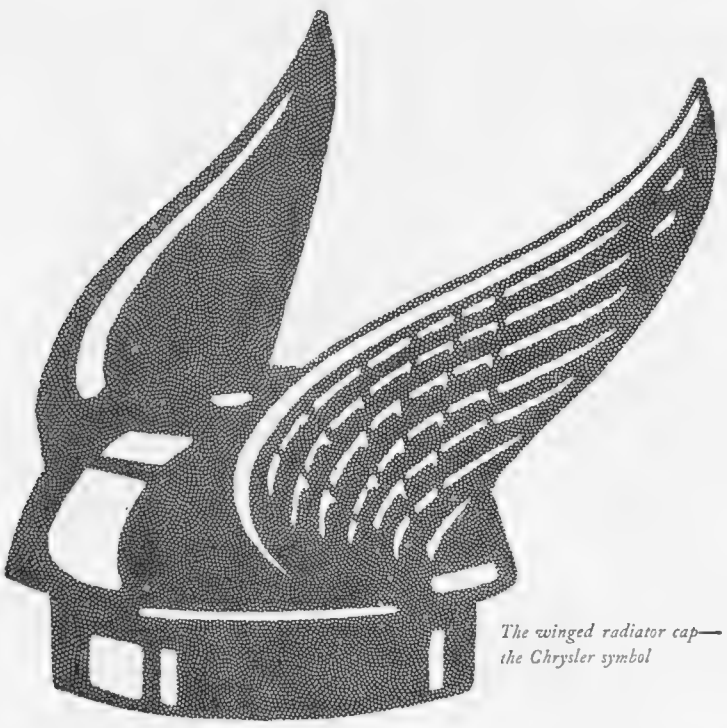
NO VIBRATION: Well over a half of the length of the large diameter crankshaft is occupied by the seven main bearings! This, combined with careful static and dynamic balancing of all reciprocating parts, results in a complete absence of vibration, and a consequently long engine life.

WEATHERPROOF FINISH: The Chrysler is finished with Viscolax, a special preparation which will not scratch or chip, looks almost as good as new at the end of two years, and affords a complete protection to the wood or metal beneath. The upholstery in the case of the open models is of genuine heavy leather—another point which makes for the long life of the Chrysler!



The winged radiator cap—the Chrysler symbol

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RACING NOTIONS . . . By "Carbine"

A Kempton Entry

I WAS much surprised to see such a poor entry for the Kempton Jubilee, an historic race which offers £2,500 to its winner as well as substantial place money. Take away the various entries made in France, and we should have fewer than thirty horses for this popular race. How does it come about that the Jubilee should be comparatively neglected in this way by owners and trainers? A number of suggestions have been made lately as to the necessity for instituting new races for three and four year olds, but the poor support which has been given to the Kempton event seems to indicate that owners are not quite sure of what they actually do want. One reason for the mediocre Kempton entry may be the fact that an exceptional number of good horses went out of training at the end of last season. Still, the gaps must be filled in due course, and it is curious that many of the horses we had expected to find in the Kempton race had not been nominated.

Names Missing

NO matter from which angle you take it, the entry is exceedingly disappointing. But perhaps the most puzzling thing of all is the absence of three-year-olds with the solitary exception of Nothing Venture. We have heard complaints that such colts as Legatee, Tolgus, and Bulger should be ineligible for the classic events, and it is strange to find not one of the three in the Jubilee entry. Mr. A. K. Macomber has no fewer than five in the race, which reminds us that he is a remarkable supporter of English stakes. In view of the vast number of entries he makes in this country each season it is not surprising that he is gaining his share of successes. It would certainly be churlish to begrudge him any triumphs he may gain here. His batch in the Jubilee include The Sirdah and Masked Marvel, so it is highly probable that a formidable competitor will appear at Kempton in his colours. It will be recalled that Mr. Macomber won the race two years ago with Parth.

BY "THE TOUT"

MR. H. G. T. SMYTH

The well-known trainer who sends out all those winners from Epsom. A younger brother of his is the famous jockey Victor Smyth, who has just relinquished a wonderful career in the "pig-skin"

French Cracks

ANOTHER French stable well represented in the Kempton Jubilee is that belonging to Mr. Jeff. Cohn. His four include Ptolemy II, who failed to achieve the big things which were expected of him as a three-year-old, but has great possibilities in the approaching season. I think he will be well suited by the Jubilee course. We also find Coram in this race. Those connected with this colt will be very disappointed if he fails to carry off one of the big handicaps of the spring. The present intention is to run him at Lincoln, but this hinges upon the question of whether he can be got fit for the opening week of the season. The owner of one prominent Lincolnshire horse told me last week that it was doubtful whether his animal could be properly prepared for the race owing to the fact that his gallops were extremely sodden. This was in Berkshire, and it may be that the training grounds in Wiltshire are in a similarly unfortunate condition. We must not take it for granted, therefore, that Coram, who is now at Durrington, will be in perfect trim for the Lincolnshire Handicap, though it is greatly in his favour that he is eminently a spring horse.

Spring Handicaps

NO doubt the difficulties under which trainers have been labouring lately are responsible for the small amount of betting which has taken place so far on the Lincoln. Nominally, the joint favourites last week were Coram and Zionist at 10 to 1. Next on the list of quotations were Brighter London and the French horse Lustucru, each quoted at 14 to 1. I imagine that very little of what is known as "stable money" has been wagered on the race so far. One colt quoted at 16 to 1 is the property of a friend of mine, who assures me that he has not invested a shilling on the race so far. I am sorry to hear disconcerting reports about the well-being of Silvo. It was reported last week that he was suffering from some sort of shoulder trouble.

HUNTING NOTES . . . By A. W. Coaten

In the Shires

FEW hunting books have afforded me greater enjoyment than *Leicestershire and its Hunts* (The Bodley Head, 31*s.* 6*d.*), by Charles Simpson, R.I. The volume deals with the Quorn, the Cottesmore, and the Belvoir, and is to be followed by another covering the Fernie and Atherstone countries. Mr. Simpson is an artist of renown, and the many illustrations in colour and in black-and-white are worthy of his reputation. But he is also an extremely attractive writer. He gives us a delightful description of famous countries in the Shires, and tells us much of the interesting histories of their beautiful packs. Mr. Simpson views everything with the eye of an artist, and his glowing account of a typical meet of the Quorn is one of the best things of its sort in sporting literature.

Still Unsettled

THE news from the Warwickshire country is that the immediate future of the Hunt was by no means finally settled at the recent general meeting. It was then decided to appoint a committee of three to carry on the hounds as the result of the resignations of Mr. W. S. Buckmaster and the Hon. Edward Portman. Last week, however, at a meeting of farmers at Stratford-on-Avon, it was resolved by a large majority to support Mr. Portman's proposition to hunt the country west of the Avon two days a week with a pack kept at Goldicote. A deputation was appointed to meet the Committee of the Warwickshire Hunt with a view to explaining the attitude of the farmers in this part of the country. One of the speakers at the farmers' meeting declared that the south-western portion of the country had been neglected. The general opinion of those present seemed to be that the Hunt should not stand in the way of the project to form a separate pack for hunting that area.

The Wire Question

WRITING some weeks ago about the unfortunate state of affairs which had arisen in the South Oxfordshire country owing to the prevalence of wire I suggested that no real improvement could be expected until systematic measures were adopted for combating the evil. I am glad to see that this is the line which has now been taken by those concerned in the welfare of the country. A scheme has been brought into operation which in due course must have the desired effect. Briefly, it has been decided to appoint a Hunt official who will be paid a salary for the responsible work he is called upon to carry out. His duty will be to "locate" barbed wire, and by means of consultations with the farmers either secure the removal or have it plainly marked. Obviously, he could not be expected to carry out this work without the energetic co-operation of the leaders of the Hunt. Arrangements have been made, therefore, for a special committee, comprising Major Ashton, Major Muirhead, Mr. Bryan, and Mr. Guy Thomson, to assist the new wire officer. Major V. Spencer has accepted a provisional invitation to serve in the latter capacity. Now that the Hunt Committee have shown that they intend to deal in this drastic manner with the wire nuisance, Mr. S. A. Fane has consented to withdraw his resignation of the Mastership.

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THE DOG'S PROGRESS

ADVANCE ON A WIDE FRONT

By "THE KENNELMAN"

THERE would seem to be no doubt that our Dog Shows (*a*) tend to become more and more popular with the general public; and (*b*) stimulate the growth of dog-fancying, and benefit Dogdom generally. They represent an immense amount of labour (not to mention monetary risk) on the part of their promoters, and a good deal of effort and expense (again, not to mention risks) for the exhibitors. But that they educate public interest, raise breeding standards, help to eliminate the mongrel, and increase the demand for pedigree-bred British Dogs, there can be no doubt. Everyone concerned is conscious of the fillip given by such an exhibition as Cruft's great Show on the 10th and 11th of this month; and to-day the enrolment of recruits for the ever-growing army of those who decide to "go in for" Dogs is brisker than ever.

Be it noted, too, that it's the best kind of recruiting, because general and widespread. Quite apart from those—their numbers are astonishingly large—who are bent upon serious fancying, establishing kennels, etc., it includes battalions of all classes who aim simply at adding one or two to the existing canine members of their households, and—this is important—large numbers of the folk who a few years ago would very casually adopt an animal who was just "Dog," and no more: the come-by-chance sort of nondescript whose possible relationship to half a dozen varieties left you guessing. It is largely thanks to the Shows that all the more intelligent now demand breeding as much in their Dog friends as in any human intimate.

The registrations of pedigree Dogs in England during the half-year ending last December were double those of the corresponding period of 1922, and nearly three times those of the last pre-war half-year. One or two breeds, like the Newfoundland and the St. Bernard still have leeway to make up. Pomeranians, while still behind their pre-War best, are on the up-grade. One or two such moderns as the Kerry Blue marked time in 1925; but such old favourites as the Bull Terrier have trebled their registrations, and the meteoric ascent of the Alsatian Wolf Dog has placed that celebrity no more than one rung below the Wire-haired Fox Terrier, and continues, as *The Kennel Gazette* dryly records, "to be decidedly *en avant*—or is it *vorwarts?*" Other recently established favourites who are going very strong are Afghans, Salukis, Samoyeds and Elkhounds; and increase continues to be marked among Borzois and Irish Wolfhounds, Cockers and Irish Setters, Airedales and Cairns (Sealyhams marking time at a high level), Bulldogs, Chows, and Rough Collies, Pekingese and Griffons. That fine old roadster, the Dalmatian, has come back to some purpose, doubling his previous year's figures, and quadrupling his pre-War average. The classic Bloodhound forges steadily ahead, albeit with characteristic deliberation.

Prospective adopters of Dogs for whom popularity is a matter of importance, might consider recent progress (figures can be consulted at the Kennel Club, 84, Piccadilly) of Elkhounds and Salukis, Irish Setters, Golden Retrievers and English Springers, Cairns, Dandies and Bull Terriers, Mastiffs, Dalmatians and Chows, Griffons, Pekingese and King Charles Spaniels. But the plain (and cheery) truth is that, with exceptions so few as to be almost negligible, all the breeds are prospering exceedingly, and there never was a more favourable time for taking up Dog-fancying, either as student and companion of "an only," or as breeder of pedigree stock. (The "only" does labour under certain disadvantages, by the way, and where possible it is kinder to let him enjoy the society of a pal of his own race; failing which, the chance to chum with a cat of the right sort is appreciated by many Dogs, great and small.)

That most interesting and instructive journal, *The Dog Bulletin*, as practical and truly sporting an organ as has yet been given to British Dogdom, is now a weekly, albeit (at 3d. per number) costing no more than when issued fortnightly. Void of "guff" and sentimentality, it is full of good doggy sense, and is worth the close study of all who care for Dogs.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

RIGHTS OF DUMMY

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

AT a famous London bookshop recently I enquired for "the latest Milton work." The earnest and obliging young salesman, after consulting catalogues and heads of departments, informed me that he feared he had nothing later than *Paradise Lost*!

. . . . . .

The newly published book of the laws with the Portland Club awards, to which I made reference last week, contain many interesting decisions as to the rights of Dummy about which quibbles often arise.

. . . . . .

Here is a case of interest:—

"At the tenth trick A led a Spade and B played a Diamond. At the eleventh trick A again led a Spade and B followed suit. Z then asked B if he had not revoked in the previous trick. B replied that he had not revoked. Z accepted B's statement, which was quite honestly given, and consequently did not search the tricks at the conclusion of the hand. Y (Dummy) then stated that B actually had revoked at the tenth trick.

"Was Dummy entitled to speak?"

"Decision.—Dummy was entitled to correct a misstatement of fact. (Law 56.)"

. . . . . .

Note the fact that Dummy can always correct a misstatement. He may not search the tricks after a hand has been played to discover a revoke, but he may remind Declarer at the end of a hand of a revoke if the Declarer has claimed the revoke previously and forgotten it meanwhile. He may, and should, prevent his partner playing two cards to a suit, and he may consult with his partner as to the choice of the revoke penalty.

If the first lead is made from the wrong hand, Dummy may, before placing his cards on the table, call attention to the irregularity, but he must not suggest a penalty. Generally speaking, he may take part in any discussion on a matter of fact, and if adversaries claim a penalty to which they are not entitled he may speak.

I should like to rub in these and other points about Dummy, because so many players have quite erroneous notions on the subject, and regard Dummy as a mere cipher whose presence during the play of the hand, except to save his partner from revoking, is practically unnecessary. Indeed, many players have a bad habit when Dummy of leaving the table. The laws contemplate no such procedure. Dummy is a sleeping partner so far as the actual play of the cards goes, but he is an integral part of the game, and may be active on many occasions and in many situations.

. . . . . .

The following two cases are of special interest:—

"Z deals, but before he has time to speak A bids 'One Spade.' Z points out that he dealt and bids 'One No-Trumps.' A claims a fresh deal. Is his claim good?"

"Decision.—Yes; it is a bid out of turn. (Law 44.)"

This seems a hard case, because A himself was the first offender, but there is a prescribed penalty for his offence, and Z should not have taken the law into his own hands.

. . . . . .

"Z dealt, but forgot that he had done so, and asked, 'Who dealt?' A said, 'Your partner did'; whereupon Y made a bid. Then B said to Z, 'No, you dealt yourself, and I claim a fresh deal, as your partner has made a bid out of turn.' Was his claim good?"

"Decision.—No; Z having been misdirected by his adversary there is no penalty, and Y's original bid stands. (Law 44.)"

This seems rather like a contradiction of the previous decision, but it is not so really. This was an absolute misdirection, although an unintentional one. The former was an error committed by an adversary for which a penalty could have been claimed.

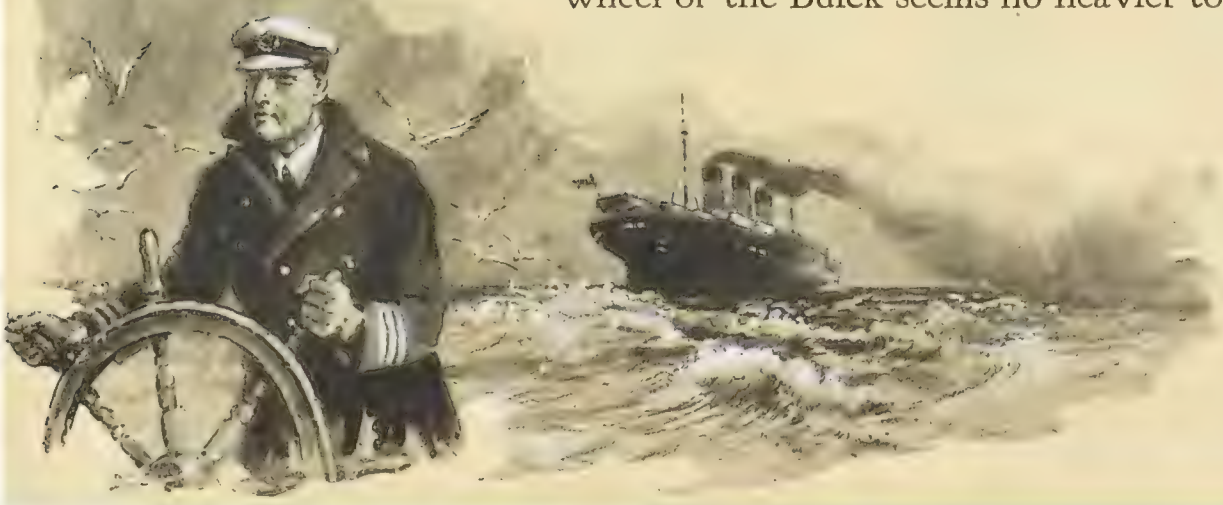
MASTERY

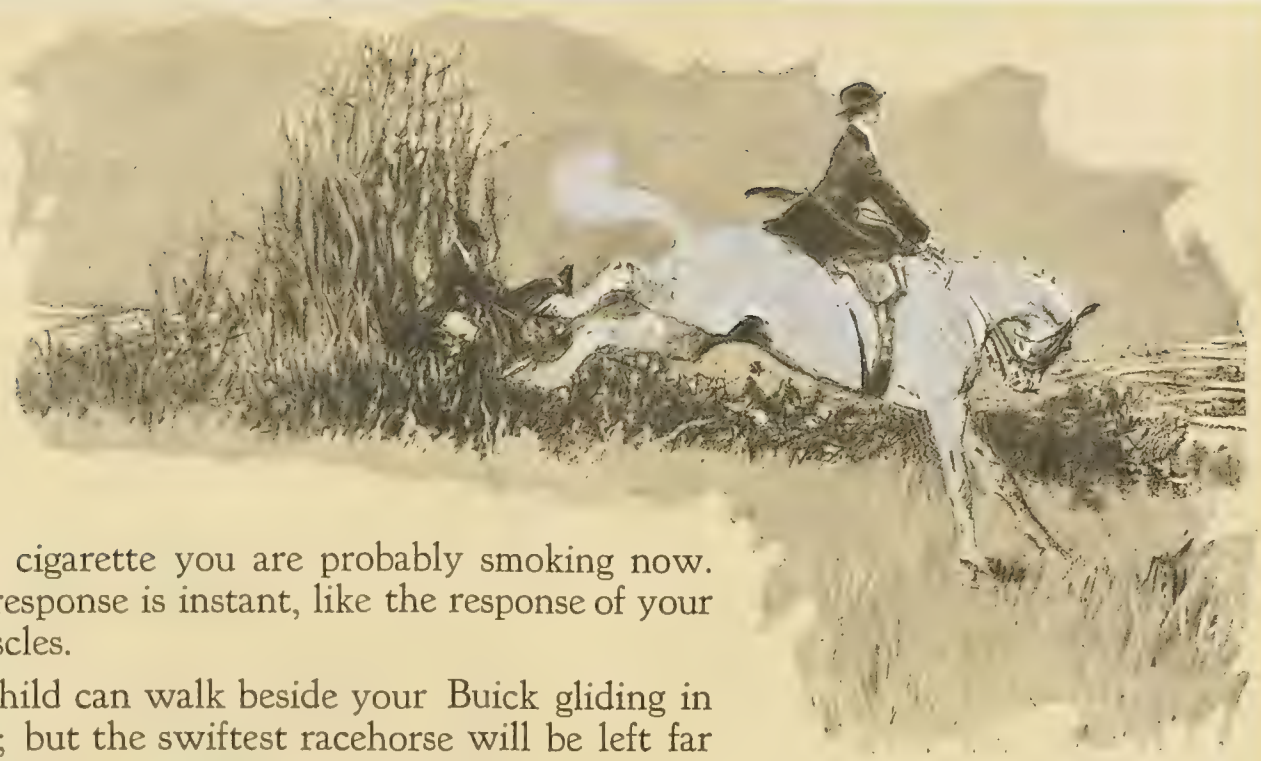
Mastery

THE rush of a mighty chariot, the thunder of pounding hoofs, himself an erect figure in arrogant control of a fiery team . . . . . So man dreamed of power in those simpler bygone days.

To-day he dreams in the same way, though science and invention have now rendered docile that fierce animal energy of the charioteer's team; have bent it to practical purposes, made it usable. Man has subdued and controlled it . . . . . .

But it is still there! The thrill of the mastery of that mighty chariot team is realised to-day in that wonder of our age—the modern motor car. Sit at the wheel of a moving Buick car and feel the thrill of that power-mastery. For you *are* master—with a mastery beyond the dreams of Jehu of old. The charioteer's rush of exhilaration is still yours—but you now can drop in a breath to a strolling glide. Brakes of the finest, and a marvellously docile Buick engine are responsible for this. The touches that control the Buick are scarcely more than a thought; a touch of a toe, a flick of a finger. The driving wheel of the Buick seems no heavier to your fingers





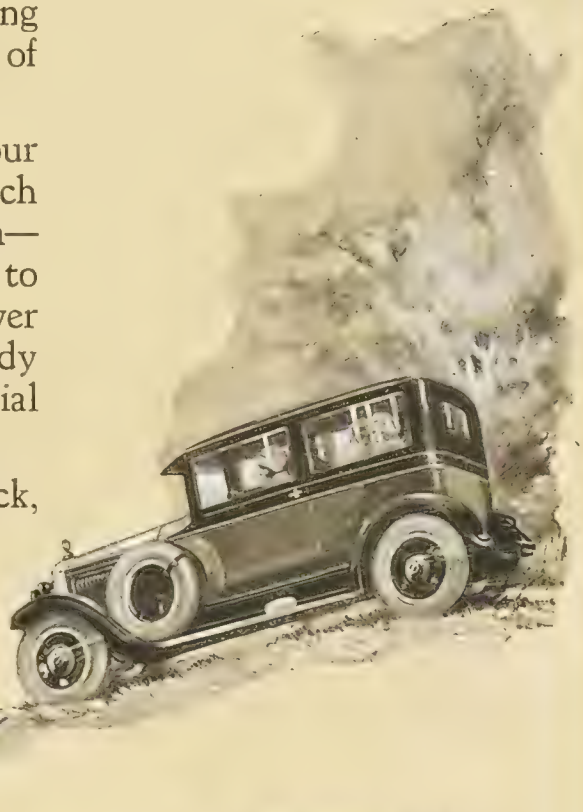
than the cigarette you are probably smoking now. But the response is instant, like the response of your own muscles.

A tiny child can walk beside your Buick gliding in top gear ; but the swiftest racehorse will be left far behind when you release its full energy. Between two and sixty miles an hour a wonderful mastery is yours—a wonderful elasticity.

What this Buick elasticity means in traffic let your own driving experience suggest. It gives the feeling of masterly confidence which robs traffic driving of all its terrors.

And this force which has been harnessed for your use and delight, is it merely a machine ? It is much more than that; a Buick is a social acquisition—modelled with charm, beautifully finished ; a joy to the man who would be absolute master of the power of that chariot team, but also a magic carpet ready to whisk you at will to any business or social engagement.

And with this mastery, which is yours with Buick, you become a bolder, a *safer* driver.



It's a relief to drive a Buick

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CANADA

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Country Club Roadster	£399
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Pullman 7-Seater Lim.	£795
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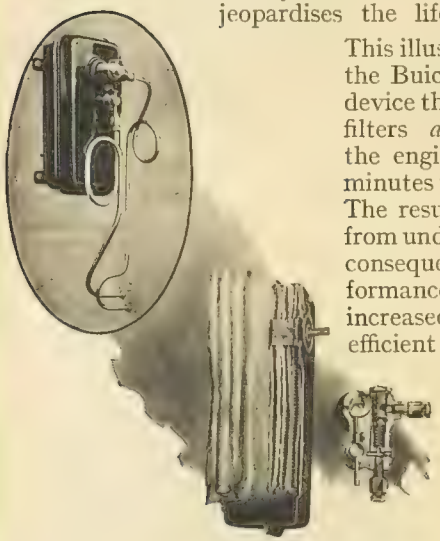
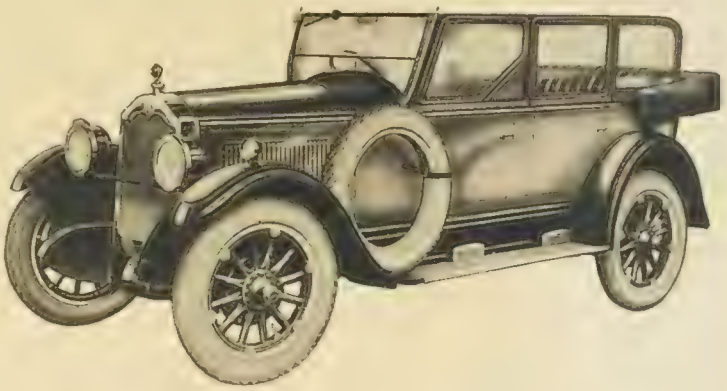
There are ten models in the Buick range, fashioned to suit ten definite requirements They vary widely in body design according to their individual purposes. But each has the clean-cut lines and distinctive contours that characterise the Buick. Each has the built-in excellence, the luxury and convenience that are expected in a car of Buick's reputation. The car of your desire is among them—better able to suit your purpose than any other car. It is fully described and illustrated in colour in the "Book of the British Empire Buick"—a copy is yours for the asking.

The Importance of Clean Oil

Dirty oil means that your engine is not being given a fair chance—undue wear on bearings, pistons and cylinder walls is set up which jeopardises the life of the car.

This illustration shows the Buick Oil Filter, a device that thoroughly filters *all* the oil in the engine every few minutes while running. The result is freedom from undue wear, with consequent better performance and a greatly increased length of efficient engine life.

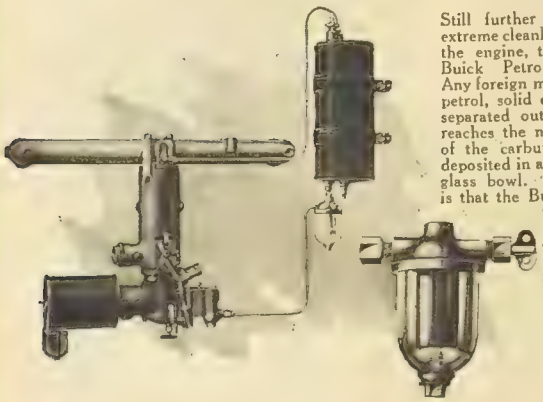




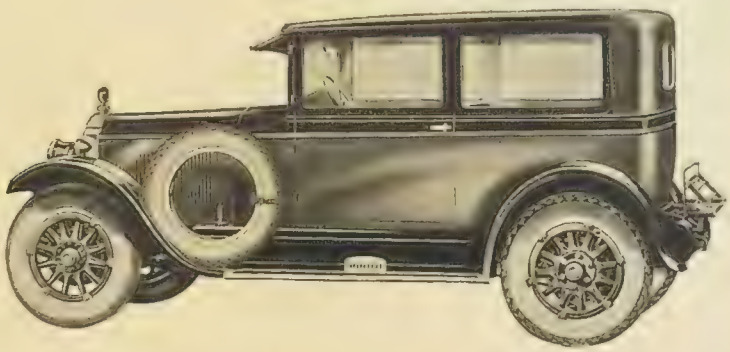
The Majestic Tourer

A roomy, clean-lined five-seater, with every modern refinement, rigid side curtains, and one-man spring hood affording absolute protection in bad weather. The Majestic Tourer combines speed and power with comfort for the most fastidious.

Purifying the Petrol



Still further to ensure extreme cleanliness inside the engine, there is the Buick Petrol Purifier. Any foreign matter in the petrol, solid or liquid, is separated out before it reaches the needle valve of the carburettor, and deposited in a detachable glass bowl. The result is that the Buick engine retains its first fine efficiency throughout its unusually long life.



The Dominion Saloon

An unusually beautiful model suitable for every occasion. Luxuriously upholstered in finest English wool broadcloth or in leather, and equipped with every refinement for your convenience and pleasure. Note the extra wide doors and substantial elegance of appearance.

Your copy of this Book awaits you—

For full particulars and coloured illustrations of all the ten Buick models, read the "Book of the British Empire Buick." In addition to details of models, this interesting book explains *in detail* the Buick's many mechanical refinements; it will bring you right up to date on modern motor car construction. Your copy will be posted immediately on request.

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Femina

SOIRÉE MUSICALE

By "CANDIDA"

"Music hath charms," wrote some misguided person long ago, believing that his remark would be immortal. Music *had* charms, and it's more difficult every day to find them. After a big dose of Stravinski and Co. I'm so discouraged that I can't even begin to try. Therefore, I need hardly say that I don't belong to the musical highbrows who claim that the new people have discovered the eternal rhythm—or is it the music of the spheres? I prefer something less immortal.

S

It was quite safe to express opinions like these, even to fairly intelligent people who might, or might not, agree with one. But it isn't safe any longer. You may be talking, for aught you know, to some distinguished performer on one of those new implements—I mean instruments—which are turning one's musical evenings into an adventure, and not always a pleasant one.

S

I liked the safe, old methods when one knew exactly where one was. A lady would warble something by Brahms in a more or less dramatic soprano; or a gentleman would deal out Schumann or Tchaikovsky. We called it (at least the people who invited us did) "an hour of music." It was an interval between two bombardments of chatter, and a blessed hush fell upon the crowd. One was at liberty to look rapt (if one could manage it), and, incidentally, to think round one's little private problems. That's what music was for. Its purpose is very different now. I'd defy anyone to feel soothed by the three or four hours of music (so-called) they treat us to at the last word in musical nights. It takes one all one's time to think of suitable adjectives to admire with, and to avoid showing people that one hasn't the least idea what those extraordinary triangular, sexangular, and lots of other angular instruments are aiming at exactly. A jazz band, when one isn't dancing to it, is a disturbing business.

S

To begin with, there's the music. It's a series of noises, pleasant and unpleasant, intended to describe primitive emotion. No doubt it's the way one did it in the Garden of Eden. Later on we translated all that into words and lost most of its passionate sincerity. How those negroes have managed to stick to it, or to rediscover it, in this age of trousers and coats, of boots and georgette frocks, and all the paraphernalia of civilisation (so called) I can't imagine. Having lots to say which our jaded violins and pianos couldn't cope with, they invented fearsome new instruments to translate into music their laughter and their grief. In Hawaii and places, music isn't a clever abstraction for learned people to discuss. It's what the French call *un cri de cœur*.

MADAME VON SASSANOFF

A well-known leader of Hungarian Society. Her husband is a large breeder of bloodstock, and it is expected that some of his best yearlings will shortly be sent to England. Madame Von Sassanoff entertains largely at her magnificent house about twenty miles from Budapest

One can't go on seeing people performing on bizarre instruments without longing to try one's own unpractised hand. Not that it's always a hand that does it, by the way. Sometimes it's a foot, or a knee, and I've seen the quaintest thing in flutes which is played on by breathing vigorously through the nose. The negro excels at it—for obvious reasons. But though the ocari-flute (which is its proper name, I believe) has points, I can't recommend it. It may be small enough to go conveniently into a bag with one's cigarettes and things, and therefore be no bother at all to take to a party, but it plays havoc with one's powder, and no one, however musical, can live down a shiny nose.

S

When the adepts first came over, no one interfered with their music, and only a full-blown negro would have dared to handle in public a banjulele or a xylophone. But after a bit the amateurs rushed in with more zeal than discretion, with more courage than skill. London's full of women who insist on performing on queer, outlandish instruments. Wherever I go of an evening I'm greeted with, "You simply must hear Miss Dash. She's great on the ukulele"—and a ukulele, as everybody knows (or doesn't know) is a cross between a banjo and a guitar, and looks like nothing on earth, and still less like something in heaven—those somethings which the old-fashioned angels played on in the pictures. After that, who'd care to waste time on a mere piano or a stale violin? Perhaps when we've all mastered the ukulele and flown to Hawaii for week-ends, it'll be tremendously *chic* to come back to the dear old harp, and to wear an angelic smile and bunches of blue ribbon in one's hair.

S

But this is anticipating things. At present, what with saxophones, which look difficult, and are as difficult as they look, and big drums on which one performs with one's foot and a huge implement that looks like a carpenter's saw, but isn't, the end is a long way off. That saw, by the way, is very popular in some circles where originality is the first, and almost only, consideration. To produce your melody—if any—takes much energetic vibrating of the knees, and I needn't add that no decent creation of velvet or georgette could possibly stand the strain. The perfect saw-player should wear trousers, and old ones for choice. There's also a terrible instrument called "the last trump," but what it is and what it does I haven't had the courage to investigate. Sufficient unto the day, you know; it takes all one's time to keep pace with the new music. And all one's wits, too. It takes not only a perfect sense of rhythm and frightfully robust health, but also a neat gift for juggling. So I'll be content to leave that last trump on the knees, or, anyway, in the keeping, of the gods. It's their concern more than ours.

Pierrot

LADY ROSEMARY BOOTLE-WILBRAHAM

The youngest sister of the Earl of Lathom who is closely interested in theatrical affairs. Lady Rosemary has recently been producing amateur theatricals in aid of the Conservatives of Edmonton

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

FOR those who are keen theatre-goers there is a new book which should be of the greatest possible interest. This is Mr. Erroll Sherson's *London's Lost Theatres of the Nineteenth Century* (Lane: 18*s.* net), a mine of out-of-the-way information and curious anecdote. What a number of theatres have disappeared! Astley's, a sort of earlier Hippodrome; the Olympic, which was constantly being rebuilt; the old Queen's, the Princess's, though that, to be sure, is still standing in Oxford Street, even if it is never likely to be used again as a theatre; and those smaller but perhaps cosier theatres hidden away in the slums which were demolished when Kingsway was built.

Mr. Sherson takes you back to the old days of burlesque—what is left of burlesque to-day is squeezed into the revues—to the days when melodrama *was* melodrama ("The Pool of Blood," and cheery things of that kind), and to the days when opera bouffe had not yet given place to the musical comedy of to-day. Here, too, are stories of the older generation of performers, Menken and Toole, and Neville and Kate Terry, and poor little Robson, and the like. And, very luckily, there is a profusion of old prints and photographs: the quaintest collection.

Mr. Sherson's book is delightfully discursive—a theatrical potpourri put together in light-hearted fashion: a volume to browse over at your leisure. And when you lay it down, you wonder what those old players would have thought of us to-day. Would they have been startled? Lost in admiration? Slightly contemptuous? One cannot say, but I should imagine that they would have fallen into line easily enough. On the stage, as elsewhere, there were giants of old.

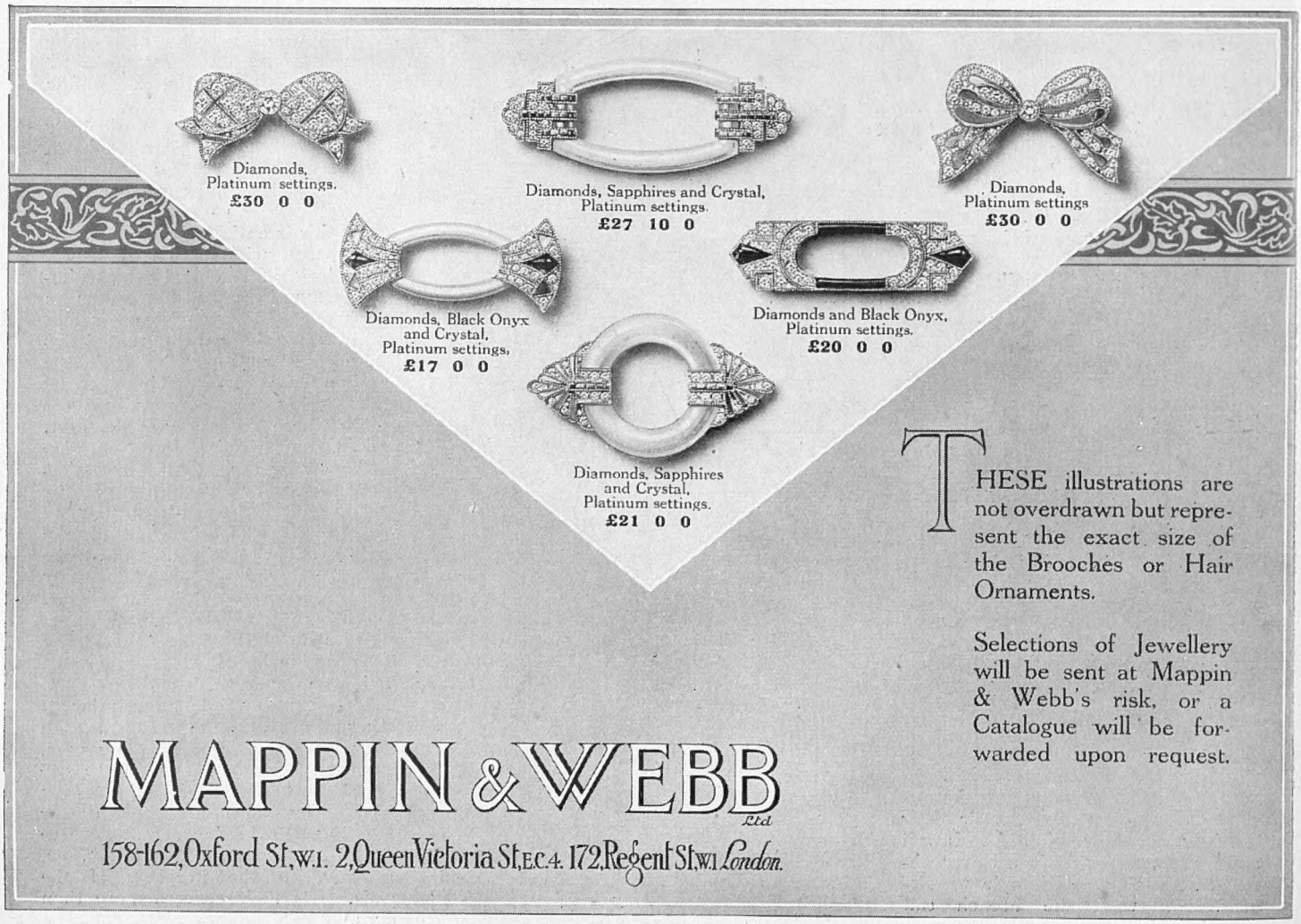
MISS MARJORIE FRIEDRICKSEN

One of the Athos Beauties who is appearing in the New Princes' Frivolities which is proving a very considerable asset to the brighter side of London

IF you are really interested in dogs you will not be ignorant of Major A. J. Dawson nor of that most excellent book of his called *Everybody's Dog Book* (Collins), but you may not know that a new edition is now ready, which costs no more than three shillings and sixpence. It is absurdly cheap.

Here, indeed, is the complete guide to Dogdom. It does not matter whether your dog be a peke or a bloodhound, Major Dawson shows himself to be your guide, philosopher and friend. And his book is entertaining throughout. Good stories and good advice: you find both in profusion. I can imagine somebody who "cannot be bothered with a dog" reading the Major's book, and setting out forthwith to buy his dog, and not being satisfied until that dog has become (with the book's help) his most affectionate friend.

THERE are some good yarns of the adventurous sort in *Where There Aren't no Ten Commandments* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), by Henry Holt. As the title suggests, the backgrounds are not Mayfair drawing-rooms, but the decks of tramp steamers or a pearl island in the Pacific, or the bar of some dago-frequenting inn. Gamblers, stowaways, cheats: these are well to the front, though they are not always the villains you think they must be. Mr. Holt has a good sense for drama, and his stories rarely follow the conventional course. They are not all equally good, but have much to recommend them.



LETTERS FROM THE HEBRIDES

ISLE OF SKYE

The Colonel's Bottle

"TO-DAY, in the cellar, Cameron came on a treasure we had long forgotten — the little four-gallon brass-bound keg which we used to call the ***Colonel's Bottle.*** It must be nearly twenty years since it got lost "behind the faggots" as the French say. There were two good quarts still left in it of the only whisky my father could drink with pleasure—genuine Bulloch Lade."

"It had filled his flask for forest, moor and stream; was the only cordial spirit he cared for at the table. 'There is not a harsh word or a headache in a hogshead of it,' he would say at the age of over eighty."

"The strange thing was to find from a taste of the old man's keg to-day, after twenty years of wintering in a Skye cellar, that it has gained no higher quality than the Bulloch Lade we laid down six months ago in bottle."

"There is a limit to the maturing period of whisky as of wines; after fifteen years in wood it sulks a little. Bottle it in its 'teens, and it will keep as fresh as the dawn for half a century!"

"In my bottled Bulloch Lade is all the distinctive character of the Colonel's keg — the same ***blas*** as we say in Gaelic; the same fragrant tang he used to describe as the breath of barley and bog-myrtle. Unless you 'drown the miller' altogether, that essential, seductive quality comes through any water you may add to it, either mineral or from mountain wells. A blythe drink! The cordial for companionship."

Alan Breck MacNeill.

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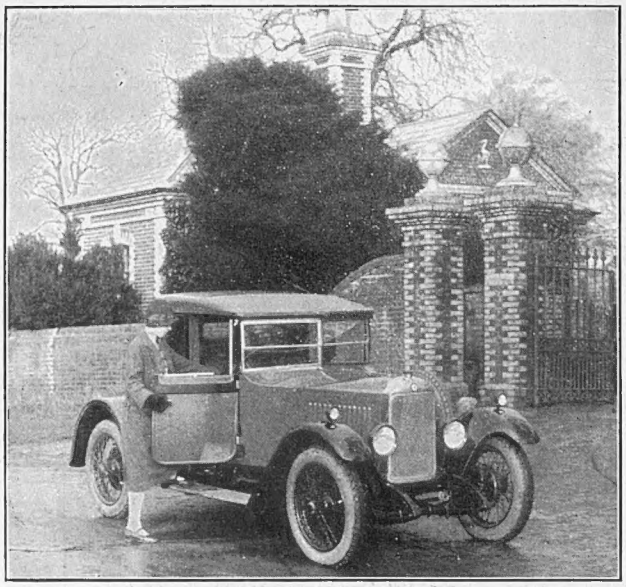
MOTOR NOTES

By GEORGE C. STEAD



A SMART TWO-SEATER

The latest model of the 14-40 Vauxhall "Grafton" coupé-cabriolet. A new feature is the higher radiator which gives a better bonnet line to the car.

THE first Grand Prix Race ever to be held in this country will take place on Brooklands Track next August Bank Holiday. The race will be over a distance of 300 miles, consisting of a suitable number of laps of selected portions of the track, in which certain special bends or turns will be introduced. The race is open to cars with a maximum capacity of 1,500 c.c., and the winner will receive a prize of £1,000, the second £300, and the third £200, presented by the Royal Automobile Club. This race forms one of the series of five international races which comprise the championship of the world, the remaining races being held in Spain, France, America, and Italy. It is anticipated that a thoroughly representative international entry will be received.

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ONE of the greatest problems which the designers of closed coachwork have to solve is that of visibility. The pillars supporting the roof at the front shut out a certain amount of the driver's vision, and the more these blind spots can be reduced the more convenient will be driving. I was recently driving a saloon in which the front pillars were exceptionally wide, and, as a result, I very nearly destroyed one of His Majesty's subjects. A pedestrian stepped off the kerb at the exact spot which was covered by the roof pillar, and it was only four-wheel brakes which saved me from hitting him as soon as he came into view. Would it not be possible to fit light steel pillars at the front of the car in order to secure ample visibility?

***

THE winning of the Monte Carlo rally by the Hon. Victor Bruce, driving a 16-66 h.p. six-cylinder A.C., was a wonderful achievement. This car was the only British entry, and it was entered independently by Mr. Bruce. His starting-point was John o' Groat's, and throughout all except the latter part of his journey he had to contend with the most appalling weather conditions. Nevertheless, he obtained highest marks for his trip, second highest in the reliability trial, highest in his class for the hill-climb, and fourth highest marks for appearance, etc.

***

THE flight from Spain to South America, carried out by Major Franco, was a wonderful achievement. It is particularly gratifying to know that his machine was fitted with British engines, the Napier. The makers of the engines have received a telegram of congratulation from the British Secretary of State for Air in which he states that "This achievement is one more proof of the unexcelled reliabilities of the products of the British aircraft manufacturing industries." An opinion with which all British motorists will agree.

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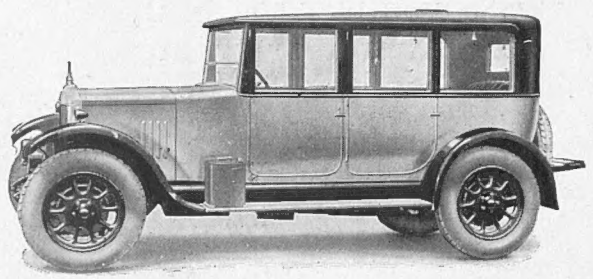
AN excellent attempt to solve the problem of the all-weather car is to be seen in

(*Continued on page* x)

Count them on the Road



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